McKean County Miner.

State Library 1jul08

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907 | NO. 48

ELABORATE WEDDING LAST NIGHT

Miss Lois Fuller Young and Edward Allan Studholme Married.

CEREMONY AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

The Bride, Popular Young Lady, Only Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young—The Groom Well Known and Highly Esteemed.

The most elaborate wedding that Smethport has witnessed occurred at St. Luke's church at 7 p. m., November 26, 1907, when Miss Lois Fuller Young, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Young was united in marriage to Edward Allan Studholme.

Promptly at the appointed hour the thrilling strains of Lohengrin's immortal composition rendered by the organist of St. Luke's pealed forth.

The ushers, Jerome Newman of Buffalo, Guy B. Mayo, J. Lawrence Morrison and Edward Walker of Smethport, preceded the bridal party to the chancel rail.

The bridesmaids, Miss May Studholme, Hamilton, Canada; Miss Sue Hunter and Miss Florence Tyler, Boston, and Miss Edith Young, Smethport, were simply but becomingly gowned in white batiste with insets of Valenciennes and batiste embroidery and carried huge clusters of maiden hair ferns.

They were followed by the matron of honor, Mrs. Herbert Andrews of Boston, wearing a handsome princess gown of white radium crepe with trimmings of Irish and Valenciennes lace, and carrying a huge bouquet of white chrysanthemums tied with green satin.

Then came the bride with her father. She wore a beautiful white marquisette satin princess gown, en train, with duchess and old point lace, a tulle veil and carried an immense cluster bouquet of bride roses and narcissus.

At the chancel rail the bridal party were met by the bridegroom, attended by Alex Clark of Folkon, W. Va.

Here the betrothal was consummated and was followed by the impressive ring service of the Episcopal church, performed by Rev. J. Heber McCandless. The soft strains of the bridal music added much to the beauty of the ceremony.

The church decorations, Christmas greens and white chrysanthemums, carried further the color scheme.

The charming personality of Miss Young has endeared her to every one with whom she came in contact. She has been an untiring worker in church and Sunday school and a talented member of the Traveller's and Shakespeare clubs. Besides being a deservedly popular young woman, having many friends at home and abroad, she has for those who know her best an unusual personality, a character fine and true, an intellect which naturally grasped and retained the best in literature and art; best of all perhaps, a kind heart and charmingly cheerful disposition.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests repaired to "Woodlands," the spacious and beautifully appointed home of the bride, where a brilliant reception was given.

The guests were cordially greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Young and the bridal party in the east parlor.

Mrs. Young wore a handsome duchess and rose point robe over lavender chiffon and silk.

The decorations in the dining rooms were profuse and beautiful, and a three course supper was served by Clark, caterer of Buffalo.

The many and costly gifts were a small testimonial of the high esteem in which the young people are held.

Amid showers of confetti and good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Studholme left in time to catch the Philadelphia train at Port Allegany. To-day they sail from New York for an extended trip to Mexico.

The church was filled with friends of the families. Those from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Herbert Andrews, Miss Hunter, Miss Tyler, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme, Mr. and Mrs. Holden, Miss Davis, Dr. Wilson, Port Allegany; Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme, Mrs. Strong, Olean; Mr. and Mrs. Young, Misses Paula and Pauline Young, Geneva; Mrs. King, Miss King, Port Allegany; Mrs. Norman Howells, Kane; Miss Studholme, Hamilton, Can.; Miss Jane Miller, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Willitts, Hornell; Dr. McWilliams, Miss Hibbard, Mr. and Mrs. Burdick, Mt. Jewett; Mrs. Palmer, Friendship; Mr. and Mrs. VanDyke, Kane; Mrs. Russell, Bradford.

***

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Disagree on Dog Tax Question.

The Coudersport Enterprise says: Justice W. S. Orcott rendered a small judgment against the county a few days ago in favor of Francis Jacobs, a Sweden farmer for $84.50. Upon its face this was not a very important transaction but before this seemingly small matter is finally adjudicated it is likely to interest most of the home owners in Potter county and surely every dog owner.

Mr. Jacobs' suit was brought to collect pay for sheep killed by a dog.

Some time ago W. K. Swetland, whose ability as a lawyer is well established, at the request of several dog owners hereabouts, prepared a brief on the question of how much and how many times and for what purposes a dog can be legally assessed. As is well known by local dog owners Coudersport canines are assessed $2.50 for males and $5.00 for females. According to Attorney Swetland's opinion it is not legal to assess a dog but fifty cents, the county tax for school purposes.

For a long time the commissioners have been paying for the sheep killed by dogs and paying out of the dog tax fund. If Mr. Swetland's opinion is correct there can be no such fund legally collected. In order to be strictly within their rights and to know what their legal duty in the matter is the commissioners concluded to permit a test case to go through the courts that the matter may be finally and promptly adjusted.

Attorney W. F. DuBois, on the other hand, who has given the matter a good deal of attention and study, is of the the opinion that the dog tax now collected in Coudersport and throughout the country is lawful under the several statutes that have been passed by the legislature upon the subject.

A. N. Crandall has been employed by Mr. Jacobs to prosecute his claim and Mr. DuBois, who is the attorney for the commissioners, will be obliged to contend for the defense, although his judgment is favorable to the contentions of the plaintiff.

Bank President Killed Himself.

A New York dispatch of Tuesday says: Howard Maxwell, deposed and indicted president of the Borough Bank of Brooklyn, died in the Long Island College Hospital at 5:48 o'clock this evening, a suicide.

Reduced to penury, facing a long term in prison, his heart broken by the desertion of friends and associates—overcome by the shame of his arrest and detention in Raymond street jail, where he was lodged with common malefactors from last Thursday afternoon until released on bail late Monday evening, Maxwell's spirit broke.

This afternoon while shaving in the bath room of his home in Brooklyn, he seized a razor, and plunged it into his throat. Fearing the effort would not accomplish the desired end, with another razor he slashed once more into his throat, cutting the jugular vein and severing the wind pipe. Then to make assurance doubly sure he cut through muscle and sinew to the bone of his left wrist.

Store at Kushequa Robbed.

The general store of Elisha Kent Kane at Kushequa was entered by burglars sometime between the closing hour on Saturday and the opening of the store Monday morning, who got away with about $800 worth of plunder. The burglars drove up to the store in a buggy. They climbed to the roof of a small porch over the entrance and entered the building through a window. The second floor as cut up into rooms which are used as store rooms. From one of these rooms the men took shoes, and then descended to the first floor and took clothing, shoes, rubber boots and other articles. The men drove off in the direction of Mt. Jewett. Manager Omundson as soon as he got around Monday morning found that a robbery had been committed and he lost no time in notifying the police departments of all the towns hereabouts.—Bradford Star.

"I'm Married Now."

George F. Hall and his merry company in the new merry musical farce, "I'm Married Now," with its fund of real humor and its clever specialties; its side-splitting climaxes and situations, will be the attraction at the Lyceum, Monday, Dec. 2, and will be extravagantly presented. The play is a genuine derby in the race of humor, presented by a company of the wittiest artists ever collected in one company, every song is a gem, by the best song writers, and the melodies clings to us with a pleasanter remembrance than any other song for years. Mr. Hall has abundant opportunity for the display of his ability as a comedian and his topical song and imitations of the famous actors are always a welcome feature.

Wanted at the Horney-Bond bottle factory, boys from 14 years of age up. Good chance for men with sons capable of working in the factory as fathers will also be employed. 45tf

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Attacked By Angry Horse.

James McNulty, of Genesee, narrowly escaped serious if not fatal injuries, when he was attacked in the Harris barn last evening by a horse owned by a man at Nine Mile. Mr. McNulty went into the stall and the horse at once grabbed him on the left arm with his teeth, at the same time attempting to strike him with the left foot. Mr. McNulty who has a wooden leg and carries a heavy cane used both in his endeavor to make the animal loosen its hold, but the punishment seemed to add to the fury of the horse. R. D. Nelson, of Ellisburg, who happened to be in the barn heard Mr. McNulty's cry for help and going into the stall next to the one in which the battle was going on between the man and the animal, he struck the horse a blow on the head which felled it to the floor and Mr. McNulty was able to save himself. His arm was badly lacerated and his side painfully bruised.

This morning Mr. McNulty, who is an old horseman and a man of nerve, again attempted to go into the stall of the animal, when the animal let both rear feet fly at him, one of them striking him on the leg.

The horse has the appearance of one that is crazy and when any one comes within hearing, it begins to squeal and double up ready to do battle.—Potter Democrat.

Items from Mt. Jewett Herald.

While engaged in hauling lumber from just beyond the over-head bridge at the west end of the town Saturday morning, the fine team belonging to Charles Harding took fright and escaping from the driver, ran across the railroad near the pond from which the railroad company draws its supply of water, where in some manner the outfit dumped into the pond with the result that one of the horses was drowned. This is a great misfortune to Mr. Harding, who but recently paid $400 for the team.

The big mill of Elisha K. Kane, at Kasbequa, will start up Monday after being out of commission since September. The stock of hard wood logs on hand, and within reach will keep the saws busy for about six months. This is good news not only for the people of Kushequa, but to those of Mt. Jewett as well, as a percentage of every dollar earned in Kushequa finds its way to Mt. Jewett.

Mr. Starsky not only makes an efficient assistant, but will make an able and diligent chief for the prothonotary's office, and if a Republican is to fill the position there can be no better selection.

One Editor's Point of View.

A lawyer charges a man ten dollars for ten minutes conversation—the man insists on paying it. A doctor charges one dollar for a prescription and the patient says: "Oh pshaw, is that enough." An undertaker charges a hundred dollars for conducting a funeral and he is just perfectly lovely with everybody inside and outside the family. A man buys a gold brick and apologizes for not having fallen before. A newspaper man walks a mile in bad weather to get the facts of a death or wedding or social function and tells lies and praises people until he hates himself. Then if he makes an insignificant omission or error or charges five cents straight for three extra copies he is a stingy, careless good for nothing cuss who never can anything right and charges four times the price of city papers twice as large. In short he is a confounded most any old thing and ought to be run out of town. Talk about the ice man. How would you like to run a newspaper.—Ex.

A Rib of Columbus.

Many residents of Bradford were incorporators and original members of the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange of New York, now being torn down. Last week the corner stone was removed and from it was taken a gold mounted urn containing portions of the bones of Columbus. Accompanying the urn was a letter from G. W. Stokes to Charles G. Wilson, who at the time of the laying of the corner stone of the old structure, was president of the Consolidated exchange. The letter bearing the date of Sept. 7, 1857, states that the bones were obtained from Jesus Castillo, a Cuban engineer, who while repairing the walls of the cathedral in Santo Domingo in 1877, discovered a lead casket containing the bones of the discoverer of America. The Dominican authorities took charge of the bones, but not before Castillo had abstracted a rib from the casket.—Bradford Record.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little ones in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THANKSGIVING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

The American People Have Much to be Thankful For.

NATION PROSPEROUS AND HEARTY

Unfortunate, Indeed, is the Person Who Can Find Nothing For Which to be Thankful This Year.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving day and the printers along with many other more fortunate mortals will endeavor to temporarily forget their woes in good cheer and rest, thus the MINER is issued a day earlier.

The MINER is thankful because business is good in the printing line and that many readers are paying their subscriptions, while many paid-in-advance new subscribers are being added.

Smethport is thankful because nearly all its industries are running full time; because the general health of the community is good; because chances are still bright for Main street to be paved next summer; because new industries in the town and vicinity are almost a surety and because it is one of the livliest towns of its size in the State.

The State and Nation are thankful for peace and prosperity. The only cloud on the horizon of the business world seems sure to pass away, as the situation in regard to money stringency seems growing better every day. They are thankful for the present administration which has accomplished much good and will do more.

Don't be pessimistic. Look about you for something to be thankful for. Remember the great blessing of good health, and if you are ill be thankful you are no worse.

Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you have to go to work again.

Junior Auxiliary Fair.

The annual fair and supper given by the Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's church promises to be as good as ever. This year it will be on Wednesday, Dec. 4th. The Chinese booth, in charge of a "Chink," will afford plenty of entertainment—here you have your choice for ten cents. A "Larkin" booth will be another attraction, where you can buy all the soap you will need this winter.

The Junior Auxiliary has an established reputation for fancy articles. This year the work is prettier than ever. The sale will open at 7:30.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 23d 1907:

Manager Postal Tel-Cable Co., Mrs. Maggie Rehling, Fred Oelkrug, Mr. and Mrs. B. Stucky, M. Spiefel.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

A. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

A Chance.

To get a good education is within the reach of every earnest young person. The Clarion State Normal School, Clarion, Pa. is in a position to help young people. It has an unusual growth, practically doubling its attendance during the last three years. Its graduates are well located. The Winter term opens Dec. 31. Send for a catalog to the principal.

Pension Increases.

The following old soldiers of McKean county have been notified of the granting of pension increases: Benjamin W. Jones, Backus, $12; Perry Smiley, Bradford, $12; Harley T. Sawyer, Smethport, $15; Nathaniel Willits, Bradford, $15, and Mrs. Rebecca J. Fadder, Bradford, $8.

Pain anywhere, in the head, joints, periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pain can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—pushes blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists Sold by All Dealers.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Do you know that Poisonous Carbolized is like a politico in drawing out information and poison? It is antiseptic, it heals, but no wound is healed hands in pediatric use. 25 cts. Sold by L. C. Chadwick, Prescription Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy, Burg Chadwick, Prop.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Miss Sarah Williams, daughter of the late W. A. Williams, Esq., formerly a leading attorney of this county, died of dysentery at the Warren Insane Asylum on Tuesday, August 30, 1887, aged 32 years. Sarah, the second daughter of Mr. Williams, was born on the 23rd day of March, 1845, at the family residence on the corner of Main and Mechanic streets in this borough. Her mother died when she was a very young child. About 18 years ago she became the mother of a girl baby who survives her and is now living with the family of G. M. Smith, Esq. When very young Sarah began to have spells of spasms or fits and she continued to be troubled with them, more or less, until the birth of her child. Some ten years ago, four years before her father's death, she began to show signs of mental derangement, and although she finally became unable to care for herself or child, her insanity was never of a violent type. Early last spring she was taken to the Insane Asylum at Warren, where she has remained up to the day of her death. Her remains were brought to Smethport on Wednesday and were interred in Rose Hill cemetery on Thursday morning, the funeral services being held at the residence of A. B. Armstrong, who is the Committee in Lunacy in the case of the deceased. The Rev. Wm. Bradley officiated at the funeral obsequies.

I. H. Waddell of Bradford, died at his home in that city on Monday, Aug. 29, 1887. The deceased was a partner in the well known firm of photographers of Potter & Waddell. It will be remembered that he was suddenly stricken with blindness while at work in his studio a short time since, and since that time until death came to his relief on the above day his health rapidly failed.

Died in this borough on Wednesday morning, September 7, 1887, after an illness of four years, Orrin Gallup, aged 78 years. Mr. Gallup was born in Chenango county, N. Y., and came to this county with his father's family when only two years of age. His father, Nathaniel Gallup, was one of the pioneers in the Potato Creek valley and one of the earliest settlers of Norwich township. He has been dead many years. His sons have always ranked among the substantial citizens of McKean county. They have been known and almost universally recognized by their given name as Jubez, Andrew, Orrin, David, Nathaniel, Orlando, Philetus, Helen and Alfred. Andrew and Philetus have been dead several years. These sons and their posterity have made up a large portion of the population of the Potato Creek valley. About fifty years ago Orrin Gallup married Nancy Corwin who survives him although in feeble health. She is a sister of Benjamin Baxter, Ghordis and John Corwin, all of whom, excepting John, are dead. Mr. Gallup leaves besides his wife, four sons and four daughters to mourn his loss. They are Leander J. of Portage, Dorton O. of Smethport, Hela C. of Port Allegany, Delos W. of Steuben county, N. Y.; Mrs. Ghordis Burdick and Mrs. W. C. Dickinson of Norwich; Mrs. Lewis Ramer of Smethport, and Mrs. Chester Rice of Steuben county, N. Y. Mr. Gallup was a man of sterling traits of character and in his prime was not only a successful business man, but strictly honorable in all his transactions. For several years past he has been in failing health, and latterly his mind has been affected, to such an extent at times as not to recognize his own family. The funeral services will be held to-day, Friday, at 10 o'clock.

To-morrow, Sept. 10, 1887, will be the 30th—wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, well known and estimable citizens of this borough. That time has dealt kindly with this worthy couple goes without saying. Surrounded as they are with a family of five children, three of whom have grown to young manhood and young womanhood, Mr. and Mrs. Wright continue to hold their ages wonderfully well, and bid fair to reach the half-hundred mile post of married life with sound bodies and minds. The MINER unites with a host of friends in tendering its congratulations on this thirtieth anniversary of a happy married life, with the hope that it may be able to do the same on the golden wedding anniversary. We clipped the following notice from the McKean Citizen of September 10, 1857:

At Smethport, Pa., Sept. 10th, 1857, by Rev. W. D. Webb of Plainfield, Ill., Mr. B. F. Wright of Lima, N. Y., to Miss O. L. Bennett of Smethport, Pa.

The above was inadvertantly announced last week without proper acknowledgment for the token to the printer. Perhaps we so regretted the loss of the fair bride as to be cross about it, or so envied the groom as to be uncivil. Now we see our error, acknowledge the gift, and hope the wound is all Wright. May all of happiness be theirs, leading an all Wright and Wrighteous life ending in bliss divine.

A friend has handed us a copy of the McKean Citizen of Sept. 10, 1857, published by the late Prof. Fordyce A. Allen. The Citizen was a twenty-four column paper about one-half the size of the MINER, with its columns well filled with advertisements. But we notice a dirth of local news, in fact there is not much more space devoted to news of that description in the whole paper before us than is occupied by this article. Among the business cards we only find three names that are familiar to the citizens of Smethport to-day. John C. Backus was then as now expounding Blackstone; S. D. Freenian, M. D., was dealing out pills and potions to the sick and ailing, while Ira S. Gleason was engaged in togging out horses with harness that was made upon honor. That year the McKean Agricultural Society held its annual fair at Smethport. Wm. H. Smith was sheriff and Samuel C. Hyde prothonotary of the county. At that day Olean merchants were liberal advertisers in the columns of the Citizen, which indicates that they had a good market in this county for their wares. The names of N. S. Butler & Co., G. V. B. Barse, and M. A. Blakeslee appeared in nearly every column, which shows that those gentlemen were firm believers thirty years ago in the potency of printer's ink in building up trade. Some of these men have passed from the stage of life, leaving princely fortunes, and who knows but what judicious and persistent advertising in the columns of the old Citizen was one of the most powerful levers for obtaining this wealth? There is one idea impressed upon one's mind in looking over this old Smethport paper, and that is that journalism has made wonderful strides in McKean county during the past thirty years. What was considered brilliant newspaper work then, if attempted now, would be ridiculed. The present publisher of the MINER became publisher of the Citizen a few months after the publication of the issue before us.

When the Stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys, that is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this trial test. Sold by all druggists.

There is nothing better for stomach troubles than Kodol, which contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is offered on a guaranteed plan for the relief of heart burn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea, and all stomach troubles. So at times when you don't feel just right, when you are drowsy after meals and your head aches or when you have no appetite, and you are cross and irritable, take a little Kodol. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

To check a cold quickly, go from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine to deafen, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the sneeze stage, Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between E. W. Workley and Chas. McVane in the draying business this day, Nov. 26, 1907, has been dissolved by mutual consent and that the business will hereafter be conducted by Chas. McVane. 48 3t

The Postmaster of Gascoinade, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills: "I am doing so well, and improving so fast in health that I cannot say too much for your Kidney and Bladder Pills. I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Closing out sale at store of Dr. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

I will receive a new stock of Hand Painted China on Saturday morning.

MARTHA S. PIERCE.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Lost—Oct. 29, gold watch and fob. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

See the elegant assortment of ladies' purses and other Thanksgiving gifts in H. C. Wells' show windows.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

The One Eyed Brakeman.

A Thanksgiving Story

By ELLERY NYLE.

Copyright, 1908, by Ellery Nyle.

He was a big, burly brakeman with only one eye, but that one eye was the jolliest eye that ever winked. It had a way of looking directly at you and beaming right into your heart, and you found yourself smiling back a response before you knew it.

It was the evening of Thanksgiving, the hardest time of all the year to find oneself a thousand miles from home and all the sweet home festivities. Many were getting on and off the train, coming from or going to their family reunions, and their very happiness intensified my loneliness by the contrast. Thanksgiving cheer was in the air. The one eyed brakeman was fairly radiant as he dashed in and out to call the stations. He had a pleasant word now for one and now for another, and his laugh was full of glee.

As he passed my seat he lifted a dainty handkerchief from the aisle and held it out to me. "Is this yours, madam?" he asked. "No," I replied; "it belonged to a lady who got off at the last station. I saw it in her hand when she arose to leave, and after she was gone I discovered it lying there."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with an exultant smile. "A prize for little Thanks." And he folded it carefully, wrapped it in a piece of paper and tripped away.

"What an odd expression," I thought. "What could he mean?"

Presently he was back again, and as he passed me, with a friendly smile, I

"IS THIS YOURS, MADAM?" HE ASKED.

noticed that he was looking at my hands. "You certainly seem to have the best luck on earth. You must have a specimen to be thankful for."

"I have," was his reply. "Thanksgiving day is my happiest day. The best Thanksgiving ever had was the day I lost my eye."

"You don't call that one of the best things of your life," I exclaimed.

"Yes, I do," he replied, "for it brought the other good things. Will tell you all about it when I come back." And off he dashed on his train duties.

When he came in again, he seated himself opposite me, and this is the tale he told me, while that one eloquent eye of his twinkled with pleasure:

[illegible] I had a [illegible] It [illegible] was a little [illegible] streets were crowded with people. I heard a street organ and saw a ragged boy dancing to the music. State street with its [illegible] in the [illegible]. She was not [illegible] doing a thing but hobbling on her dear life, with the most scared face I ever saw. In her frightened glance [illegible] mine. I was stirred as I had never been before, and dropping my bundle of papers I sprang for the horse's head and hung on desperately. I was too little to stop him, but my weight checked his speed, and I kept jerking his head as he dragged me till he got me down and stumbled over me, and we all went down in a jangle together. In some way my eye got a gouge, and then the crowd gathered around and untangled us.

"The old lady came out while, and when she saw what had happened to my eye she just gathered me up in her arms and cried over me and kissed me, dirty little rat that I was. Well, I had never had anything like that before. You may just bet I liked it. All the nice ladies I had ever seen before would drive their merry lustily away if I pressed through against them, but she kept kissing me and crying that I had saved her life and was so terribly hurt. It [illegible] her.

"[illegible] exclaimed, and the [illegible] She held me at arm's length [illegible] When I [illegible] Yes, I [illegible] I don't care. I've got you.'

"Well, when they'd got the comfortable and the old lady had found out all she could about me and had praised me over and over for what she called my self sacrificing bravery she started to go, saying she would come back to see me next day. But no; I held on to her hand with all my might. I had found a good thing and I wouldn't give it up. They couldn't coax or blow me to let her go. It touched her tender heart, and after she found I didn't belong to anybody she began to look thoughtful. She wasn't very well dressed. I could see she wasn't a rich lady. After pondering a minute she said that if I wanted to come and live with her she would take me home with her after I got well. She said: 'I thought I had rather scanty support for one, but I will try to manage some way. I can't leave this noble little boy without a home.' I almost sprang out of bed in my joy and declared that I would work and support us both if she would let me live with her.

"And what a mother she was to me! She clothed and fed me and sent me to school. She gave me a name and civilized me. She entered into all my boyish interests and my boyish fun, and we were just the jolliest comrades. And she gave me just what I was starving for, love and petting, which many a boy that has a real mother fails to get, and she made me love her as I never expected to love anything. In fact, I didn't know what love was till that fortunate Thanksgiving day when I fell into her arms because her runaway horse had hurt me. Do you wonder that I count the loss of that eye as one of my blessings?

"And, I kept my word. I picked up all the odd jobs to help support us both, and somehow everybody was willing to give me a job. Mother has said many a time that she has never fared any the worse for having taken me. I always found plenty to do, and as I grew older and was able to earn more it was my greatest pleasure to give her little luxuries that she had always felt that she could not afford.

"I had a craving for railroading, had always had it when I was only a little homeless kid. I tried for some time to get the position of brakeman, but my lack of an eye seemed to stand in the way till one Thanksgiving day just three years ago. I had a chance to prove to them that I could see better with one eye than some of them did with two, and I got the position and have held it ever since. Another fortunate Thanksgiving, you see, for the best one is yet to be told.

"It was two years ago today that I was coming into Chicago with a heavy train, and a woman with a baby got on at a station a little way out and took a seat in the very rear of the coach. She had on a large cape, and when she got off in the station at Chicago she carried a bundle under her cape which I supposed was the baby. I helped her off, and I observed she appeared to be in the greatest haste.

After the passengers were all off, when I went through the train to look for any parcels left, what should I find but that woman's baby on the back seat. It was evident the woman had deserted it intentionally. The conductor called a council, and it was decided to put the kid in a foundling asylum until some information could be obtained about the woman. I went back and looked at the baby again while they were consulting about it, and just then it woke up and smiled at me. Well, if you had seen that baby smile you could not have resisted it either. I just reached out and took her right up and told them I was going to take her myself, as it was plain nobody else wanted her, and she just

I SPRANG FOR THE HORSE'S HEAD AND HUNG ON DESPERATELY.

nestled right up to me as if I belonged to her and went fast asleep again in my arms.

"Well, you should have seen mother when I walked in with that baby! This was a little too much. She had indulged me in a thousand ways, but no amount of explanation and pleading on my part would induce her at her age to undertake the care of a castaway baby. That was before the baby waked up. But when she opened her sweet blue eyes and smiled up at mother, who was bending over her, and reached up her little arms mother couldn't resist that smile any better than I could, and she just gathered her up and cried, 'Oh, my darling baby, you do belong to us!'

"Well, now, I can't tell what a treasure that baby is to us. She is about two and a half years old now, as nearly as we can guess, and is as pretty as a picture and as sweet and loving as an angel. Mother and I have always said that she was just sent to us as another Thanksgiving blessing. I named her Thanksgiving, and call her Thanks for short, though mother says she will not like that name when she is a grown young lady and she shall name her herself over again if she wants to. She's the light, and the joy of the house. We see her now to [illegible] when I come home would make a fellow glad every day of his life that he found her that Thanksgiving day and brought her home.

"She is bright as a dollar, too, and understands everything we tell her, and it would surprise you to hear how she can talk for such a little kid. Mother got up quite a little feast for dinner today, turkey and mince pie and all, and Little Thanks claimed it as her day just for her treat, because her name is Thanksgiving, and weren't we three just the happiest family in the land? And then we were each telling what we were thankful for what do you suppose she surprised me with? She said, 'Little Thanks is thankful 'cause God sent Brother Joe into the cars to

"SHE JUST NESTLED RIGHT UP TO ME."

find me and bring my home and love me. You see, nothing had been telling her about it.

"Now, don't you think I've had a glorious lot of Thanksgiving blessings?" he concluded as he rose to go.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied. "And you have given me something to be thankful for," I added, with feeling. "I haven't been very happy today, and I am more grateful to you than I can express for telling me all this. It is the one delightful event of the day."

"Oh, now, you don't say so?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad. If that doesn't cap the climax," I thought, I was as happy as I could be before, but to be able to give anybody else pleasure is one thing more to be thankful for. I'll have to tell mother of that. I noticed you didn't seem to be having a good time, and I couldn't help speaking to you. I'm glad now that I did. I can't bear to see anybody not happy on such a day as this, when I'm so full of happiness myself." And his one eloquent eye beamed with emotion as he hurried away.

Kind to His Horses.

A certain boys' institution boasts a brass band made up of the boys of the school. The town people look with anything but favorable eyes upon these musicians and never lose an opportunity of showing their dislike.

The band had been engaged to play at a village some distance from the school, and a wagonette had been hired to take the boys there.

On the way the young leader of the band suggested that they should have a tune, but the driver of the wagonette at once objected.

"No tunes while I drive," he declared.

"But why?" persisted the musicians. "Surely the horses wouldn't run away?"

"No," said the driver, "they wouldn't!"

"Then why object?"

"Simply 'cause the poor beggars couldn't run away if they tried," was the grim retort. "Their ruppin' away days is over—as long as I drive you ain't a-goin' to take no mean advantage of 'em! That's why I beg no tunes."

The boys subsided, and there were no tunes on that journey.—Buffalo Times.

Very Trying.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the society woman. "I've a wretched cold, and this is my wedding day! Of course, no one will call, for I'll be a sight all day!"

"Well, my darling," her husband replied, "I always understood that misery loves company."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Neat Evasion.

"I wish you'd try to cure yourself of looking cross eyed, my dear."

"Cross eyed! Why, before we were married you said my eyes were like diamonds!"

"Did I? Well, even the finest diamonds are not always set to advantage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Wife's Sympathy.

Officers—We have sad news to bring you. Your husband fell after the first shot of the enemy and died without a sound.

Wife—Yes. The man was always very taciturn.—Lustige Blatter.

Harmless Then.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook. Future Son-in-law—That doesn't matter much so long as she doesn't try.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Bird Puzzle.

"Pam," said little Jamie, "why does birdies' go lookin' for woyms, to eat when they can lay theirselfs a egg and eat that? Eggs is nicer than woyms."—St. Louis Republic.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The whole some green and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties in Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal nature. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

LIGHTNING GUN PLAY

One Time When Was Too Rapid.

HE KILLED HIS BEST FRIEND

The Plucky Marshal Had Settled the Leader of the Desperadoes Who Had Started to Shoot Up the Town When He Made the Fatal Mistake.

In September, 1874, the good people of Dickinson county, Kan., had reached the definite conclusion that it was a farming country and proceeded to emphasize this opinion by giving its old fashioned county fair at Abilene. Six hundred thousand longhorns came up from Texas that year, but their owners took the hint and understood that there would be no room for their stock on the prairies of that country the following season. They had sold their cattle and were ready to depart. Abilene was to be their stamping ground no more.

It was in order to celebrate the occasion in the old time way, and it was generally understood that the ceremonies of the evening were to conclude by killing the town marshal, Wild Bill Hickok, and metaphorically taking his scalp back to Texas. A few of them drew lots as to which should have that dangerous honor, and Phillip Coe got the short straw.

It was a beautiful autumn day, and the county fair was a great success. As the sun went down Pat McGinlay and his brother tied their broncos in front of the drovers' cottage, strode down Texas street, met their cowboy friends, and the fun began. A dozen cowmen picked up Jake Kaiatosky the merchant, carried him down to the Alamo jack and had him set up the drinks. A score of more or less proud mannered citizens and cattlemen were used in the same manner and in quick succession.

The crowd increased, and the blood and excitement spread. The cowboys were giving Abilene her last Roman holiday. Wild Bill was dining at Mrs. Smith's restaurant, and the loafers went to drag him to the bar, that they might go to the Novelty bar and get a drink on him, but pointedly declined to accompany them. And called particular attention to the ordinance against shooting in the city limits.

By 10 o'clock at night the mob surged from one end of Texas street to the other in reckless abandon. Everybody who claimed to be civilized hunted cover. Marshal Hickok and Policeman Williams were watching at the Novelty, where generally the most friction occurred.

It was about this time that big Phil Coe, keeping faith with his comrades but with no eager anxiety, leisurely walked up in front of the Alamo, then packed with excited men, and fired his gun at a dog, as he claimed. Wild Bill told Williams to stay at the Novelty, run swiftly across to the rear door and spring into the crowded Alamo, roughly inquiring as to who was doing the shooting.

Coe stood at the well curb outside and said that he had fired the shot. Immediately he fired another, which grazed Wild Bill's side as he stood at the bar. With that wonderful swiftness which stood him in good stead many times, Bill threw two guns on Coe and shot him twice in the abdomen, exclaiming, "I've shot too low!"

At the same instant he turned and fired twice at another man who came running down the dark sidewalk and burst on the scene, showing two guns in front of him. Coe fired one more shot and fell across the well curb. A hundred guns clicked as Wild Bill fired his first shot, but before the fourth the place was cleared and not one bad man was left to stand by Coe.

The stricken wife, with a desire with all an inch of its heart, threw both hands to the air, dropped his guns to the floor and pitched forward stone dead. It was Mike Williams, the deputy, a brave fellow, who, despite his chief's instructions to remain at the Novelty, could not keep away from the fight.

Wild Bill cried out that he had killed his best friend, gathered the little man in his arms, and, with eyes full of tears, laid him across a poker table. The fury that burned in his veins when he whipped the McKandlas gang sprang to life again at this accident, and he proceeded to hold the Texas men responsible. That night the desperate heroes of border strife hid in cellars and sunflower patches or on swift ponies found their way to their cattle camps, for they had made a fizzle by trying to shoot up the wrong town.—Denver Field and Farm.

First Aid In Accidents.

A country boy knows that the fine dust of brown fungi he calls puffballs will stop bleeding. When he cuts himself he hunts for one of these if the cut is not serious. If the cut is deep it is wise to bathe it in warm water with carbolic in it or a tablet of chloride of mercury dissolved in the water. Carefully remove all foreign matter in the washing and then, pinching the lips of the cut together, put on strips of adhesive plaster. Be sure to leave little spaces for pus to run out. This running of pus is a natural process and is not alarming unless persistent and the pus comes in unreasonable quantities. Sometimes the blood flows so rapidly that you cannot close the wound with plaster. If so tie a bandage tightly above the wound before you attend to the wound itself. This will stop the flow of blood and, figure having formed [illegible] you can do your part with plaster.—Harper's.

To cure a cold by remove the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

APPETITE OUR BEST GUIDE.

It Will Not Lead Us Astray In the Matter of Overeating.

It is the systematic practice of civilized people to thwart, pervert, defy and then abuse their appetites—with [illegible] consequences. Let me briefly describe what this admirable guide of ours will do for us if it be given a chance.

The appetite of the properly brought up child is simply invaluable. A child needs a great deal of sugar, and if its appetite for this substance be regarded as reasonable and not a symptom of original sin the child will take just so much sugar as it needs, neither more nor less, and will not gorge itself with sweets when it gets a chance.

I am not talking at random, for I observe daily in a small child of my own, and it is the experience of all parents endowed with sufficient sense. The food which the child dislikes, such as fat, is the food which the child's stomach has the most difficulty in digesting.

In adult life if the appetite be not cheated by the cook, it is our constant mentor and guide and friend. When we are taking much exercise it is abundant. When we take little exercise it diminishes as it should.

As old age comes on much less food is required and appetite correspondingly diminishes. In short, at every period of life and in all circumstances a properly respected appetite will guide us in the fashion for which appetite was designed.

But we are much too clever to be ruled by our instincts, are we not? We deprive the child of the sugar which it craves and then find it a little nuisance and whip because it makes itself ill with sweets. It is we who should be scolded and should suffer.

When our own appetites fail we never dream of asking ourselves whether this is a morbid failure due to illness or is a normal diminution telling us that we do not need food at present or that we are not in a fit state at the moment to digest it.

When warm weather comes most of us use every device of cookery in order to produce an artificial appetite which we will then satisfy. Thereafter we will complain of the heat. But since we have just been unnecessary fuel on the furnace, eh, we wonder that we find hot weather oppressive?

Then, as the years go on and we obtain more leisure and free cash, perhaps we are liable to devote ourselves more and more to the pleasures of the table, seeking ever new devices to promote that hunger which is the best sauce—the sauce which all other sauces are designed to produce. All doctors know the results.

If we turn to the lower animals and observe how wisely and well their unvitiated appetites guide them we begin to see the point of the saying that "ignorance is bliss."—C. W. Saleeby, M. D., F. R. S. Edin., in London Mirror.

Art Roosts High.

A number of women founded a club for the purpose of imbibing in literature and artistic pursuits. The two having the most leisure were delegated by the other members to look for clubrooms. A week later they reported that they had made a selection.

"Where are the rooms?" asked the rest of the women.

"On the third floor of this building," said the house hunters, and they spread out on the table a number of exterior and interior views of the building they had chosen. But their club associates refused even to look at the pictures.

"If the rooms are on the third floor it isn't worth while to consider them even for a minute," they said. "It is an unwritten law that all clubrooms dedicated to aesthetic and artistic pursuits must have an aerial location. Nothing below the eighth floor can be thought of. It is all right for social clubs and other organizations devoted to the interests of the members themselves to rent second and third floors, but the higher the work of any society the higher the altitude the members look for clubrooms."

The house hunters looked sorely puzzled.

"Why?" they asked.

But not even the most enlightened woman present could tell why.

"We only know that it is so," they said. "Look up the location of all really soulful societies, and you'll find that the law is faithfully observed."—New York Press.

Look, but Do Not See.

Passengers on a Staten Island ferryboat were watching a large ocean liner that steamed slowly up New York bay. The steamer was too far off for her name to be made out, but she was flying the German flag. On the space of fifteen minutes a hundred pairs of eyes were fastened intently upon the ship. After awhile the silence that prevailed on the deck of the ferryboat was broken by a woman's voice.

"Say," she said, "what has become of that ship? It was there when we first began to watch the ship."

Excited by the woman's exclamation, everybody in her immediate neighborhood put forth various conjectures as to the mysterious disappearance of the flag.

"They took it down ten minutes ago," volunteered a man finally. "Didn't any of you folks see them haul it in?"

Everybody looked sheepish. It was a fact that no one else had seen it. Although scarcely a glance had been diverted from the steamer during the greater part of the trip across the bay, the flag had been hauled down under the passengers' very eyes and only one man in the crowd had observed the maneuver.—New York Globe.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Sec'y & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.

We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
To buy Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find
Just What You Want.
A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness. All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for free report. Free advice how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Information Practice Exclusively. Write or come to
625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GRAY'S SYNOPSIS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right;

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

The Smethport Cut Glass Company will place on sale at the store of John C. Hamlin, beginning Saturday, Nov. 30th, a line of Rich Cut Glass which will be sold at wholesale prices during the holidays. A cordial invitation is extended to you to call and see the beautiful effects in Cut Glass now being made in Smethport

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Whist Fair and supper.

—When? Wednesday, Dec. 4.

—Where? St. Luke's parish house.

—"I'm Married Now," at the Lyceum Monday, Dec. 4.

—Remember the dance at the Lyceum to-night (Wednesday).

—Ike Simons, Bradford, has a new ad regarding boys' clothing to which your attention is directed.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell Reed, a worthy couple of Roulette, recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

—A chicken and biscuit supper will be served at 5:30. Come and enjoy yourself on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, at the parish house.

—One dollar in advance pays for the MINER one year. Now subscribers are being daily added to the list. Now is the time to subscribe.

—The MINER understands that Frank R. Foster may be a candidate for clerk of the courts subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

—Mrs. M. A. Ellis of Glendora, Cal. formerly of Farmers Valley, in renewing her subscription to the MINER says: "It is like a visit from an old friend."

—Miss Irma Wells very pleasantly entertained a party of her young friends Friday evening, first at her home on Cemetery street and later at the theatorium.

—Elmer Quirk, the popular boy trap-drummer of Chadwick's orchestra, is rapidly recovering from a slight attack of scarlet fever, which has confined him to the house for the past two weeks.

—Mrs. H. C. Young of Wellsboro, a bride of a year, died recently. She was formerly Miss Lillian Butterworth of Coudersport and was quite well known in Smethport. Aside from her husband she leaves a baby boy.

—Over in Ridgway the other night a would-be masher accosted a young woman with the familiar "Hello, Sweetheart," and she promptly knocked him down. There are a number of fresh guys in Smethport at present who need the same treatment and chances are that some man or woman will soon arise to the occasion and administer the proper remedy.

—Mrs. R. C. Gleason was operated upon at the Bradford hospital last Thursday for appendicitis. She passed through the ordeal satisfactorily and chances are reported good for her rapid recovery.

—The Port Allegany window glass factory went into operation this week and as a result a number of glassworkers living in that town, who were working in Smethport, have returned to their homes.

—Chas. Sheldon of Ormsby was in town Saturday and obtained bounties on one fox, one mink and three weasel skins, which were the result of a few days trapping upon the lease where he is employed.

—Fifty-two letters from home every year—that's what the MINER amounts to when sent to an absent relative or friend. It makes a Christmas present that cannot help but be appreciated and it costs only one dollar if paid in advance.

—The drawing powers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are certainly remarkable. At the Bradford Theatre Thursday night over 1,000 people paid to see Little Eva, Topsy and the other far-fetched people in that queer old relic of the past.—Era.

—A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Olean Methodist church, on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 1 p. m., when Miss Anna Corbin of Bradford was united in marriage to L. Clark Goodridge of St. Marys, Pa., Rev. Mr. Lichleiter officiating.

—The Elk County Democrat was a few days late in reaching its readers this week on account of moving into more roomy and convenient quarters, but it was bright as a new dollar when it did appear and says, "thank goodness moving days are over."

—S. P. Button and Chas. Freeman of Smethport recently opened a theatorium in Port Allegany, and they also introduced electric lights to that town. Now the Reporter is urging that the streets be lighted with electricity and, hints at trolley cars in the near future.

—A Smethport barber saved tobacco premium coupons for a long time and gave them to one of his best customers. The good customer soon after quit visiting the shop and the barber wondered why. The other day the man cautiously opened the door and thanked the barber for the coupons and also informed him that there were enough of them to get a safety-razor—so he got one and now shaved himself. Then he quickly made his escape.

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes broadcast and on each bottle-wrapper, what all medicines are made of and vouches in writing with this he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nervine and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say *for yourself* by sending a postal card request for a *free* booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

—We note by the Ridgway Advocate that Judge Hall will reduce the number of licensed places in Ridgway and notifies three saloon proprietors to make arrangements to retire from their places. Good for the Judge. Now put your meat hook into Emporium—deep.—Emporium Press.

—The Rev. Father Flood, pastor of the Sheffield and Clarendon churches, has been transferred to a parish near Erie, and the Rev. Father O'Hern will take up the work at Sheffield.—Warren Mail. Father Flood was pastor of St. Elizabeth's church, Smethport, for a number of years.

—A well recently drilled in by Smethport people near Riterville was shot Friday and started off at the rate of ten barrels of oil per day. The McKean Bros., John Rooney, M. S. Geary and Mart Heinlein are among those interested in the new well and everybody is glad it is a good one.

—The dance and supper given by the Smethport Hose company at the hose house Friday night was a success in every way and the company is consequently about $25 to the good. The supper served was an excellent one and then the dancers had a good time to the music of Chadwick's orchestra.

—Farmers in adjoining counties are being victimized by a stranger representing himself as an agent of a large feed company, and offering feed at unusually low prices. With feed so high farmers readily make advance payments to the swindler, who is never seen again. There is no delivery of the goods.

—Married at Olean recently: Miss Roxie Provin, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Provin, formerly of Smethport, and Percy E. Berkwater of Mt. Jewett. Mr. and Mrs. Berkwater will soon locate in Punxsutawney. The MINER extends congratulations and best wishes to this happy young couple.

—Olean police raided a gambling joint Saturday night and James Ryan who was running the place was fined $10. Nine players were fined from $15 to $25 each. Alice Hull and Grace Stevens were arrested the same night charged with being disorderly persons. Great consternation was the result in Olean's underworld.

—A gift day is held every year in the schools for the benefit of Austin General hospital, the only institution of its kind in Potter county. On such occasions each pupil is requested to bring three articles—even apples or potatoes—and the result in the way of helping the institution is remarkable, and most clearly shows the truth of the saying that every little bit helps.

—An Olean man was recently fined $5 for not sending his 13-year-old daughter to school. In a town in the eastern part of the State a truant officer disputed the word of a mother who says that her son is over 14 years of age and the matter is to be taken into court. Many parents all over the country are finding out that compulsory education laws were made to be respected.

—Candidates are commencing to look up matters in regard to announcing for county offices. Among the many candidates for county commissioner who have been mentioned are: Geo. Griffiths, John A. Peterson, Delos Armstrong, A. M. Boardman, Oscar Ellenstrom, P. D. Hopkins, John Devlin and T. J. Finnerty. It is said Burt McAllister of Bradford will be a candidate for sheriff.

—Maude Davidson, a "red light" girl of Olean, went out for a time one day recently and reached a stage of intoxication where life seemed no longer worth the living, so she jumped into the cold, cruel waters of Olean creek. Maud is not fond of water at any stage of the game and soon realized that she had made a mistake and was very glad to be promptly rescued. She has decided that the world is a pretty good old place to live in after all, even if a hard-hearted magistrate did fine her $25 for attempting to leave it by the cold water route.

Euphemisms For "Mad."

In order to avoid the blunt word "mad" many euphemisms are resorted to in the English language. While "lunacy" refers to the supposed influence of the moon, "insane" simply means unhealthy; "imbecile" signifies only weak, and "crazy," meaning decrepit, almost corresponds to the slang "cracked." "A tile off," "not all there," "a bee in his bonnet," are only a few of the efforts slang has made to carry off the sad fact with an uneasy joke. "Lunatic asylum," for the old "madhouse," represents not only a great improvement in the institution, but also in the term used to designate it.

A Tiny Well Digger.

The mole is one of the thirstiest of animals. It never burrows at any great distance from water, and at times of drought when the supply of the needful element is diminished or cut off the "little gentleman in the velvet coat" counteracts the scarcity by digging wells until it comes to a depth at which water may be obtained.

Didn't Affect Him.

Stella—Mrs. Jones wants a new coat because Mrs. Smith looks so well in one. Jack—Yes, but Jones won't sign a check merely because Smith looks so pretty when he is writing one.—Harper's Bazar.

It is sometimes advisable to employ a night watchman to look after men who are as honest as the day is long.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dodd's Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and biliousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

TRIALS OF THE RICH.

Financial Prosperity and Its Worries and Perplexities.

Once upon a time a young man and a girl loved each other fondly. He was poor, but bright, energetic and persevering. She was pretty, cheerful and amiable. They married. Their friends thought they might have waited until their prospects were better, but they laughed prudence to scorn.

Two years after the marriage the wife met one of her friends.

"How are you getting along?" asked the friend.

"Very nicely," said the wife, beaming. "My husband is so good, and I have such a lovely baby. And, just think, we have $1,000 in the bank, and we don't owe a cent to anybody!"

Five years later the friend met her again.

"I hear you are doing very well," she said. "Some one told me your husband had $10,000 invested in real estate."

"Why, yes," said the wife; "but it's such a worry. There are repairs and taxes and interest on mortgages, and one of the tenants has just moved out owing us a whole month's rent. Isn't it a shame?"

Five years more elapsed, and again the friend met her.

"They tell me you're growing rich," she said.

"Yes, but I'm anxious about the stock market. My husband has $50,000 in stocks, and he thinks they're going up, but I'm not so sure about it. Indeed, I didn't sleep a wink last night."

Five years later—another meeting.

"From what I hear your husband will soon be a millionaire."

"Oh, I don't know," said the wife. "He hasn't more than half a million yet. And it is so tied up in all sorts of investments one never knows how they will turn out. I just wish we had enough to put the money in government bonds so that we wouldn't have to worry. But of course the income from half a million in government bonds wouldn't be enough to make both ends meet. And yet, do you know, some people have such absurd notions about the amount of money we have! One crank has even sent a letter to my husband threatening to shoot him just because he is rich! I declare, sometimes I'm so worried I don't know what to do."

It would be pleasant to give this story a happy ending, but that isn't the kind it had. This lady's wealth continued to increase as long as she lived, and she never ceased to be uneasy except in those brief intervals when she forgot all about it.—Boston Globe.

Korean English.

The following is a Korean's attempt at English as it is writ, by a Korean writer: "Some days last one of the soldiers in Shang Ping Chun, made a call when he solemnly slept in the afternoon. At the while one of the Japanese military officers arrived there and asked the reason of making noise."—Korea News.

Second Best.

"No," said the sweet young thing, "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Then my case must be hopeless," said the youth sorrowfully.

"No, not at all. I simply said that to encourage you."—Pittsburg Press.

"There is a vast difference," said the wise philosopher, between wishing and winning. Many a good man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been.

Literary Exercises.

Wife (scornfully)—Oh, I've no doubt you were at your literary club recitations poetry, eh, that time of the night. And pray, what were you reciting? Husband (reminiscently)—I think I wash something about "Ships That Pass in the Night."—Baltimore American.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

Sapp's MAIN

BRADFORD, PA

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE BABY POST.

A Curious Institution That Once Flourished In England.

Although few people are probably now aware of it, the fact remains that there once flourished in England a regular "baby post," the rates of postage being fixed on a strictly business basis, according to distances traversed.

The curious institution came into existence in connection with the foundling hospital in Guilford street. When this charity was first established, it was understood that its operations would be confined to London and its environs. But the people of the country towns and villages heard of it and showed a decided disposition to share in its advantages; hence the "baby post."

All over the country there were men and women who entered vigorously into the business of carrying children to London and depositing them at the gates of the foundling hospital. The charge was 8 guineas from distant localities like York and Monmouth, down to a guinea from places situated within thirty to fifty miles of the metropolis. The unfortunate infants were borne on horseback in panniers, two to each pannier, or in wicons lined with straw, for which the charge was somewhat less.

Naturally abuses grew up in connection with the traffic. But, even apart from them, the mortality among the "postal" babies was terrible. Thus, out of 14,934 received at the hospital in four years, only 4,400 lived to be "apprenticed out," being a mortality of more than 70 per cent.

Eventually parliament passed a measure abolishing the practice, and the "baby post" ceased.—London Answers.

A Lesson in Language.

A regular Mr. Malaprop recently came home from his first visit to Europe. He grew enthusiastic about Rome.

"It was fine," he declared. "To go into them churches over there and see the old tombs—cigurophagusses, they call 'em. And then the Sixteen chapel is great, and as for the Vaccination, where the pope lives, well!"

But his stock of compliments gave out when he got to the subject of beggars.

"I always refused them pennies," he said, "because, you see, I didn't want to set a bad prestige!"—New York Times.

Reassured.

"Say, pa, won't you buy me a drum?"

"No. I'm afraid you'd disturb me with the noise."

"No, I won't, pa. I'll only drum when you're asleep."—Life.

You can't be well if you have a weak, unhealthy, tired out stomach. Neither can you feel good if by some little irregularity in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a very bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth

Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery &c.

Candy and Ice Cream at all times in the new department.

Ice Cream, Fancy or in Bricks, at your order.

Cigars from 3 for 5 to 20c each.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist,

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Weak Women

To weak and ailing woman there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One, local, one is constitutional, but both are this, and both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood elements. The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, and—all combined—permanency. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.50 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. One inch counts and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Death, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907

In Iowa one day last week Governor A. B. Cummins called out a company of the National Guard to go to Davenport and prevent a prize fight, but the captain of the company, W. B. Kulp, is a regular sport, if only a volunteer, and he and his men occupied seats at the ring-side, in full uniform, and saw the fight and made no attempt to stop it. The governor at once ordered Mr. Kulp placed under arrest and he will soon have to face court martial charges.

In his annual report to the Secretary of War, Adjutant General Ainsworth hints that compulsion may be necessary to keep the army up to an efficient standard. The small pay offered is no inducement for men to enlist, especially at this time when the industrial world is also on the lookout for men and can offer them more favorable propositions in the matter of wages than they can secure in their country's service. Desertions are also numerous from this same cause. Every effort has been made to secure recruits but the number obtained is far below the actual need. The General seems to be of the opinion that unless better pay is offered conscription may become necessary to keep the army up to the normal strength.

The sixteenth congress will meet at noon on Monday, Dec. 2, 1907, and the speaker of the house will be elected and new congressmen will take the oath of office the same day. Among the latter will be Capt. Charles F. Barclay, of Cameron county representing the 21st district, in which McKean county is included. Capt. Barclay, by his business-like methods, prompt attention to details and courteous correspondence, has clearly demonstrated his ability to serve his constituents with conscientious fidelity, even before his active duties begin in the session of the sixtieth congress. Our district is fortunate in having Captain Barclay to succeed Bradford's loyal and most prominent citizen, the Hon. S. R. Dresser, who, served his constituents so faithfully and well. Bradford and McKean county feel a special interest in our new congressman, for it was the conferees from this county who made his nomination possible in the district conference last year at Du Bois, moreover, Cameron county was formed from a corner of McKean county.—The other counties however, fully ratified his nomination with a rousing majority at the polls and they will all undoubtedly assist in renominating him next April under the new primary law whereby every voter in the district will vote direct for the nominee. Cameron county is the smallest one in the district, but it will not be a favorite son proposition next year, and all other counties, though larger in votes and interests, will take pleasure in renominating and re-electing Captain Barclay, the only Cameron county citizen ever elected to congress.—Bradford Star.

THE more or less brilliant editor of the Democrat devoted a column and a half of its space last week in an attempt to convince its readers that the editor of the MINER is about the poorest excuse for an editor in this neck of the woods, and that the Democrat editor is the brightest proposition that ever pushed a pencil. Our neighbor, for want of argument, resorts to calling names and refers to us as an up-start, witless, and dense; accuses us of misstating facts, being the mouthorgan of the Republican machine and various other things too numerous to mention. If the Democrat is correct in deductions it is passing strange that twice as many people in this county prefer to read the MINER edited as it is to the Democrat edited by this modern sage. The Democrat editor undoubtedly realizes that in got a little too gay after election with his broad assertions and is now trying to get under cover by attacking the MINER, but he is only making a bad matter worse. In his dodging he makes it appear that he considers the Swedish-American Club and the "Republican Machine" synonymous. Does the Democrat editor imagine that he is clever enough to so twist facts as to make it appear that we, instead of the Democrat, offered the insult to the Swedish-Americans? This editor asserts that the MINER is controlled by "machine pressure" and boasts of his own independence politically. But the editor of the MINER has never been forced by any pressure to lick the hand of the boss who smote him as our neighbor did only a little over two years ago, when he crawled into bed with the boss of the Democracy who had made his brags that he had driven this noble editor "down into the frog pond where he belongs," and all this on promise of favors that were not delivered. In regard to the Democrat editor claiming to have the vote of Norwich township in his vest pocket we quote his own remarks in part: "We hinted a few weeks ago that Norwich township never disappointed the Democrat when we made a personal appeal to our friends up that way. Wednesday morning's election returns from Norwich First sustained us in our contention." How does this sound to the average reader? He also states that we do not carry around many votes from that or any other township, which is true. We do not pose as a political boss or ward heeler and do not attempt to pocket the vote of any township, but we are conceited enough to think that we could give our neighbor a lively race in any or all the voting precincts in this county, even though he claims we have insulted the Swedish-Americans, Prohibitionists and the voters of Norwich township, and at that we are not laboring under the impression that we are extremely popular. The MINER may be small game for the great and only Democrat, but it can live under a heavier fire than that of last week.

Found—A purse containing a small sum of money at the door of St. Luke's church last night. Owner can have same by calling on Mrs. H. L. McCoy, proving property and paying for this notice.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TEACHING ELEPHANTS.

The Tall, Fat Legged, Small Eyed Kind the Best Pupils.

Of a number of points all elephant trainers agree, says Appleton's Magazine. These are, first, that the tall, fat legged, small eyed elephant of big girth is not only the handsomest, but also the most docile and intelligent of his kind; second, that an elephant is fully aware of his prodigious strength compared with man's and that the reason an elephant obeys his master is not because he is afraid of him, but because he has an affection for him; third, you may beat a bad elephant to death or kill him by ramming red hot irons down his throat in an effort to press the "signal of surrender" out of him, but the one and only way to train an elephant to perform tricks is through kindness and patience unending; last, but not least, without exception the intelligence of the elephant far exceeds that of any other animal.

Elephant trainers maintain that training an elephant to perform is like teaching a boy circus riding, only less difficult.

A number of the simpler tricks which an elephant entertains his audience come as natural to him as the lapping of milk comes to a cat—for instance, the blowing of the mouth harmonica.

Twenty feet to the right or to the left of the candidate to be taught to lie down four heavy stakes are driven into the ground, and from each of these runs a block and tackle connecting with each leg and manned by two or a dozen men. When all is ready the trainer stands in front of the animal, raises his hook and "Down! Down!" he orders. The elephant pays no attention. He stands waving his trunk and swaying his body from side to side. "Down! Down!" shouts the trainer again, and upon a signal some forty men begin to heave and tug, the blocks squeak, the ropes creak, and while the trainer continues shouting his command the pachyderm's legs begin to be drawn from under him. With a scalp raising trumpet the startled creature begins to struggle, lashing with his trunk from side to side and groping with its tip against the floor, frantically seeking for a hold to steady himself, but the relentless ropes continue to draw his legs. The huge beast leans at a foreboding angle, bellowing like a herd of steers and drowning the "Down! Down!" of the trainer. The great body begins to totter. For an instant it regains its balance; then it falls, crashing with a dull thud on to the bed of straw. Trumpeting like the screech out of a cracked steam calliope, the brute tries vainly to struggle to his feet, until at the end of three or four minutes he begins to realize that nothing so very startling has happened and that really he ought to feel very comfortable indeed.

To teach him to stand on his head the trainer again uses the block and tackle. To forestall the effects of a bad fall the floor of the training stable is thickly littered with straw. Then the candidate is harnessed with chains and the belly band and block and tackle as he was when learning to rear, the difference being that the chains from under the belly lead between the hind instead of between the forelegs, so that the hindquarters instead of the forequarters may be raised.

A Wasp Nurse.

A story of how one wasp cared for another that had been injured is told by a gentleman who, while reading the newspaper, felt bothered by the buzzing of a wasp about his head and knocked it down. It fell through the open window and lay on the sill as if dead.

A few seconds afterward, to his great surprise, a large wasp flew to the window sill and, after buzzing around his wounded brother for a few minutes, began to feel him all over.

The injured wasp seemed to revive under this treatment, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him around the body and flew away with him. It was plain that the stranger, finding a wounded comrade, gave him aid as well as he could and then bore him away home.—London M. A. P.

Nearly every Japanese follows the profession of his father.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST.

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1907,

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate upon sub-division No. 363, of Warrant No. 3910, in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania; better known and distinguished as lot No. 11, extending westwardly two hundred feet to Pioneer avenue, fronting one hundred feet on said Pioneer avenue, and containing twenty thousand square feet of land more or less.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame building for store and dwelling purposes combined, known as one and a half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Felix Perry; at the suit of H. E. Shaffer for use of M. and L. Schriver.

H. E. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at an iron post on the west side of High street, twenty-five (25) feet, north of the northeast corner of lot owned by Henry Campbell, and being the northeast corner of lot sold by Mina A. Adams to Elizabeth Conlin, and running thence westerly at right angles to High street, and along said Conlin lot eighty-one and two-tenths (81.2) feet, Thence northerly along the line of Spencer Franklin lot fifty-one-tenth (50.1) feet, Thence still northerly alongside land of said Franklin forty-nine and nine-tenths (49.9) feet to an iron post in the northwest corner of lot No. 63, Thence easterly seventy-six and eighty-five-hundredths (76.85) feet to the west side of High street, Thence southerly along the west side of High street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to Mina A. Harrington by James H. Jones by deed dated July 23rd, 1902, and duly recorded and being also the same land conveyed to Rocco Conlinti by George W. Harrington and wife by deed dated August 5, 1902, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 121, page 144, &c.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Rocco Conlinti at the suit of the Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.

C. S. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post on the west line of High street seven hundred and seventy-five and eight-tenths feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said west line of High street and the south line of Elm street; said post being in the southwest corner of lot sold by J. N. Nowell et al to Peter Haley; thence southerly along the said west line of said High street seven and fifty one hundredths feet to a post, thence westerly by a line running at right angles with said High street, one hundred feet to a post, thence northerly by a line running parallel with said High street, thirty-seven 50-100 feet to a post, thence easterly by a line running at right angles with said High street one hundred feet to the place of beginning. Being same land transferred to Catherine Magee by J. N. Nowell et al dated 1st September, A. D. 1891, and recorded in Recorder's office in McKean county in Deed Book No. 66, page 477, &c.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house with an ell attached.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Dungan et al at the suit of W. H. Duncan, Assignee of Florence H. Kintz, who was assignee of Mrs. M. B. Barber.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Westmore, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being Warrant No. 4502, containing one hundred and sixty acres and allowance of six per cent for roads, be the same more or less. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas. Also the same land mortgaged to be sold by John Van Kirk to L. W. Deming by Agreement dated April 11th, 1906.

Partly improved and having thereon one Barn and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. W. Deming at the suit of John Van Kirk.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 26, 1907.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They do not gripe. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.
BOYS' OVERCOATS, $2 to $7.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Exclusive Styles IN LACE WAISTS, FINE PURSES, BELTS, ETC., AT

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's
CITY STORE

Watch for Doll Day.

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON
Patented March 6, 1906

HUN-E-LAX
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"PURE AS HONEY"
AS GOOD AS IT'S PURE

Cleanses your insides with natural sweetness; imparts tone and regularity to the movement of the bowels and keeps the liver active.
Clears your complexion.
Cures sick headache.
Stimulates the healthy growth of every organ in the body and insures perfect health and long life.
10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists
Wilds' Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

A strictly high grade Illuminating Oil must make a large, white light, and burn the lamp out dry with strong, firm flame without charring the wick

Family Favorite THE BEST FOR ILLUMINATING

Perfectly safe—150 degrees fire test—water white and odorless—Will not soot or smoke.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

Your Dealer Has It.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
PITTSBURG, PA.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

DO NOT KNOW WHAT CAUSES SICKNESS

Modern People Have Many Names for Same Diseases, According to New Belief.

Does human health depend on one organ alone? This question is becoming widely discussed since L. T. Cooper first advanced his theory that the stomach is the true seat of life and all health dependent upon it.

Mr. Cooper, who has met with remarkable success in the sale of his new medicine, believes that the stomach is responsible for most sickness, and that this organ is weak in the present generation. While discussing this theory recently, he said: "I am asked time and again to tell why my medicine has made such a record wherever I have introduced it. My answer always is, 'because it restores the stomach to a normal condition.' No one will deny that today there are more half-sick men and women than ever before. Nothing critical seems to be the matter with them. They are just half-sick most of the time. They don't know really what is the matter with them. I have talked with thousands during the past two years, and few know indeed what their trouble was. One said, nervousness; another said kidney trouble, another liver complaint, some constipation, or heart trouble, or lung trouble. Many had treated, as they called it, for most of these diseases at different times. A very common complaint is, 'all run down,' or 'tired all the time,' or 'no appetite.'"

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble, and nothing else. My New Discovery puts the stomach in sound condition in about six weeks. Mighty few people can be sick with a sound digestion. That is why my medicine is selling at such a tremendous rate. I have convinced many thousands of people that these things are so, and the number is growing by leaps and bounds."

Among more recent converts to Mr. Cooper's beliefs is Mr. Edgar L. Hinds, living at 6 Tappan Street, Everett, Mass. Mr. Hinds has this to say on the subject:

"I have suffered with stomach trouble for eight years. I was not sick enough to be in bed, but just felt bad all the time. My greatest trouble was that I always felt tired, would get up in the morning feeling as tired as when I went to bed.

"I had a very irregular appetite, and was troubled with dizzy spells. If I stood for any length of time, I would have a dull pain in the lower part of my back. I was nervous and felt all the time as though something terrible was going to happen. I tried many kinds of medicine, but nothing ever helped me.

"I had about given up all hope of ever being in good health again, when I heard so much of Cooper, and decided to try his medicine. I took one bottle of his New Discovery and was greatly surprised at the result. I gained 12 pounds in a few weeks. I can now eat anything I wish, and feel like a new man. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to all sufferers from stomach trouble."

It is worth anyone's time, who is not enjoying good health, to learn of Mr. Cooper's wonderful preparations. We are selling them in large quantities.—McCoy's Drug Store.

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison
143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.
We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

OVERCOATS

We have lots of them.

By buying them in big lots we get them much cheaper. And to give you advantage of our overstock we will sell for this week your pick of our stock at a price that will fit your pocketbook.

They run from $8.00 to $25.00.

They sell this week from $6.25 to $19.75.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Candidates are numerous.

—Dance at the Lyceum to-night.

—Subscribe now. $1.00 per year.

—Now is the time to pay that subscription bill.

—Your attention is directed to the Junior Auxiliary fair announcement.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett has a new advertisement to-day of general interest.

—Miss Jennie Curran entertained the W. G. O. at a theatorium party Monday night.

—Mrs. A. E. Hidman has something of interest to say to the ladies in her advertisement to-day.

—The MINER one year for one dollar makes a swell Christmas present for an absent relative or friend.

—Edward Payson Weston expects to finish his long walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Ill., to-day.

—The musical comedy, "I'm Married Now," at the Lyceum next Monday night. See advertisement in another column.

—John C. Hamlin has an interesting announcement in his ad. this week regarding the sale of Rich Cut Glass made at the Smethport factory.

—As will be seen by a notice in another column the partnership hitherto existing between Workley & McVane in the draying business has been dissolved. The business will hereafter be carried on by Chas. McVane.

—John Harkenrider of Oil City, employed by the Pennsylvania railroad company, was instantly killed at Philadelphia Monday. He was struck by a train and his body was hurled 50 feet. Harkenrider was aged 24 years.

—At St. Luke's church services on Thanksgiving day at 10:30 a. m. with special festal music. Services on Friday at 7:30 p. m. and on Saturday, Nov. 30th (St. Andrew's Day), at 8 a. m. Services next Sunday (Advent Sunday) at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—Mr. John Watson and Miss Cynthia Greenman were united in marriage on Sunday at Salamanca, Rev. Mr. Jaquay officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenman of Washington street. Mr. and Mrs. Watson will reside in this city.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Eleanor Partridge was the honor guest at a party given by Miss Cora B. Evens of South avenue, Monday evening. The occasion was a very delightful one. Miss Partridge will be married to Herbert Brown of New York on Thanksgiving day.—Bradford Star.

—The Thanksgiving turkey which Horace Vose of Westerly, R. I., annually sends to the President of the United States, was shipped by Mr. Vose Tuesday. This year's bird, however, was raised by Jeremiah H. Brown. It weighs 28 pounds, is of the bronze variety and has a mixture of wild blood.

—Matt Kleinderline, a Bradford man, while strolling along High street in that city Monday evening, took a drop too much and after crashing over the retaining wall landed in the street below. His scalp was quite severely damaged as a result and a doctor's services were necessary, but his escape from more serious injury was lucky.

—A dispatch says: Police Captain Edward Meehan of Franklin, who was shot on Saturday night in attempting to arrest two drunken Austrians, died later at the hospital of his wound. While the officer was engaged with the two drunken foreigners, a third member of the party shot him in the back with a 33-calibre revolver. The murderer and his pals are in the county jail.

—Miss Ethel Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Evans of Smethport, and Mr. Baker S. Stull were married in Denver, Colo., the home of the groom, on Saturday evening, Nov. 16, 1907, at 8 o'clock, at the parsonage of Grace M. E. church, by the pastor, the Rev. H. L. Reisner. Mr. and Mrs. Stull will reside in Denver. They have the best wishes of many friends in this part of the country.

—Another disgusting crime is reported from Potter county. Officers are seeking Simpson Jeffries, who is charged with criminal assault upon his 14-year-old daughter, according to the Potter Enterprise. He lives in the vicinity of Coudersport and is said to be the father of seventeen children. It seems that Jeffries received warning that his arrest was threatened and now he cannot be found.

—Mrs. Lucy Backus died at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, aged over 80 years. She was the widow of the late Franklin T. Backus, who was a brother of Hon. Seth A. Backus, Hon. John C. Backus and Mrs. Mary Milliken, the last three mentioned being highly esteemed residents of Smethport before their deaths. Mrs. Backus was a lady of considerable prominence in Cleveland. She is said to have left a large fortune.

—Two men, who gave their names as Carlson and Somberg, recently went to a Bradford boarding house and engaged rooms. They were shown their apartments upstairs and after remaining there a short time the men went out. They never came back. A search revealed that they had ransacked other boarders' rooms and got away with $185 belonging to an iron moulder. A couple supposed to have been the same crooks worked the same game in Dunkirk and stole $3 and a gold watch.

—The Port Allegany gas company have struck a good gas well on a lot north of that town owned by Mrs. Mary Backus of Smethport. A good pressure of gas was found in the Bradford sand, but the company decided to go down to the Kane sand and were rewarded with hitting a vein of gas that just about doubled the volume of the well. It was shot the first of the week and starts off like a good one. The company will drill four more wells on Mrs. Backus' lot.

—"I'm Married Now" is a musical vaudeville farce comedy, and the many funny situations and family mix-ups are kept up until the last happy denouement. There are songs and dances, a number of clever comedians and many of the newest musical numbers are introduced, and the performance goes along with a dash and vim from start to finish. The play is brim full and running over with humor and there are no dull moments during the action. At the Lyceum next Monday night, Dec. 2.

—Simon Latshaw, a woodsman, who resided in a shanty located in the woods about one mile and a half from Marshburg, was found dead in his shanty late Saturday afternoon by some of his fellow workmen. The exact cause of his death is unknown, but it is supposed to have resulted from natural causes. Latshaw had lived in the county for many years and was well known in this section. He was about 55 years old and had worked in the lumber woods in this vicinity for a number of years.

—Occasionally a good news item is made stale because a relative or friend of the parties concerned assures the newspaper that such and such is not so, has not occurred, etc. Then when another paper nearer the scene of operations appears with the item it is liable to suspicious words upon the part of the man who took the word of the aforesaid relative or friend without further investigation. Caution in furnishing information to newspapers is certainly overworked in this part of the county.

—W. J. O'Donnell, a trainman employed on the Erie railroad who lived in Meadville, committed suicide last Saturday. He first slashed his throat with a razor, but failed to inflict a fatal wound. He next threw himself in front of a freight train and the pilot of the engine tossed him to one side. An instant later a switch engine came along and O'Donnell deliberately crawled in front of it and was crushed to death. He had been acting strangely for several days and his friends are of the opinion that he was insane. O'Donnell formerly resided in Bradford and was baggagemaster on the P. R. R. between that city and Olean.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. R. Hogarth.

THE LYCEUM

MONDAY, DEC. 2nd.

George F. Hall

The King of Joyville

In the Funny Farce

"I'm Married Now."

In three acts by James Butler Haviland

Bright COMEDIANS COMEDIENNES COSTUMES Music JOLLY JINGLING JOYOUS

Seats on Sale at Wells' Pharmacy.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

When in need of Clothing, Hats, Shoes or Men's Wear of any kind see

WM. MONHEIMER.

Personal Mention.

Luke Flynn passed Sunday in Coudersport.

Hon. T. F. Richmond visited Olean Monday.

Cort Corwin passed Sunday last in Bradford.

S. P. Button was over from Port Allegany Tuesday.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a visitor in town Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Hanley of Bradford is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Mary Backus and Harold Backus visited Port Allegany Monday.

E. D. Martin of Marvindale was transacting business in town to-day.

Nelson Rose, Esq., of Port Allegany was greeting friends in town Monday.

C. W. Catlin, Esq., of Port Allegany was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Miss Flora Baker of Port Allegany was a guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp.

Mrs. G. W. Kelly of Hillsdale, Mich., is visiting at the home of O. H. Gleason and family.

Miss Daisy Herner of Mt. Jewett was a guest of friends in town the latter part of last week.

Alex Clarke of Folsom, W. Va., was greeting his many friends in town during the past week.

Mrs. A. B. Walker returned home Saturday from a visit with friends in Bradford and Erie.

L. D. Cleveland of Straights was in town Saturday and made the MINER office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Peter Conley and daughter, Miss Alice, visited Coudersport friends the first part of the week.

Webb Hopper of this office witnessed "The College Widow," at the Bradford theatre Saturday night.

Jerome Newman of Buffalo, a former Smethport boy was a guest of relatives and friends in town this week.

Joseph McCabe, who has passed the last year in various western States, has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. John Newton, who has been visiting her former home in New Castle for the past ten days, has returned.

Mrs. Livinda Smith and Miss Orra Williams of Coreg, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving with C. H. Gleason and family.

A. R. Anderson of Clermont transacted business in town Saturday and found time to make a welcome call at this office.

Mrs. D. F. Casey, Mrs. Harry Hafner and Miss Edna Annis of Clermont were pleasant callers at the MINER office Saturday.

John W. Newton has returned from Norfork, Va., where he was in attendance at the convention of the American Federation of Labor.

Walter Rhodes, who spent Sunday with his wife here, returned to his business in Smethport Monday morning.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett and Mrs. O. H. Barker, who have been the guests of the Misses Virginia and Clara Zook have returned to their homes in Smethport.—Bradford Herald.

Among those who attended a Masonic function given in Bradford last Wednesday night were H. H. Redfield, O. C. Choate, O. J. Hamlin, J. L. Morrison, B. F. Starsky and G. B. Mayo, Esq., of Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus are in Pittsburg this week, where the former is serving as a juror in the United States court, now in session in that city. Mrs. Backus will visit her former home in Linesville before returning to Smethport.

Mrs. Wm. Cooper and son, Earl, of Erie were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. N. H. Knapp, a few days last week. Mrs. Knapp and her guests passed Sunday with Bradford relatives, and on Monday Mrs. Cooper and son returned home.

Russell Lindsley and Fred Purtle returned Saturday from a successful season on the road with the Parker Carnival company. They are rising young musicians and played with the band connected with that amusement enterprise. The show closed at Cherryville, Kansas, a few weeks ago.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison and wife were called to Randolph, N. Y., last Friday to attend the funeral of Mr. Morrison's mother, Mrs. A. M. Davenport, who recently died at that place after a long illness. She was about 84 years of age. Mrs. Davenport is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. H. M. Bunting of Eden, N. Y.

We are showing a great assortment of stylish Millinery, Coats and Furs for the winter season. We want you to especially see our line of Coats. A good variety which covers all the approved fashions of the season. The quality and workmanship is the best and the prices are very moderate.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

EMIL THAMM, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Linens for Thanksgiving

How's the linen supply? Ample? Got all the table cloths, tray cloths, napkins and other linens you'll need? Beautiful, good, wholesome linens are indespensible to the Thanksgiving spread.

Perhaps you have enough linens for Thanksgiving. Your Thanksgiving needs are only secondary—now. The vital question is, have you enough to last until this time next year. You'll get less in quality or pay a higher price for the same grade later on. Good Flax is continually mounting up in price due to a short supply. The New Linens we place on sale now were ordered months ago to be shipped within three weeks. You see what the situation is.

Sun bleached, mostly—not chemical bleached. Chemicals weaken the flaxen thread—eat away an invisible gum which holds the tiny fibres together, destroying the strength of union. Sun bleaching has no effect on the gum.

Cloths per yd. at 50c, 55c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25.
Napkins per doz. at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.50.
Pattern Set Cloths 2½ to 3 yds., the set $8.50 to $9.50.
Tray cloths each 25c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75.
Doilers each 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Lunch Cloths each $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $4.50.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

I have just received the most complete line of

CHANDELIERS

ever shown at one time in the town.

If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

A Humble Heroine.

By MARION LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

It was one day in early spring that he appeared on a South Carolina mountain and stood at the door of a humble cabin. He was a young man of five and twenty, and he was fair to look upon. The girl of twenty who was sweeping the rough floor with a switch broom stared at him for a moment and wondered how he had found his way there from the other world. She had seen men in plenty—she saw men every day of her life, but they were not like this man. They were rough and unkempt. Most of them had long beards. They wore homespun, and they carried rifles wherever they went. This man was totally different. He was dressed for the mountains, but she had seen no such clothing up there before. He lifted his cap to her. In all her life she had never seen that done to a girl or a woman on the mountains. If he had a corncob pipe it was not in sight, and he wore shoes instead of thick boots.

Nancy Settle could not read. The people she lived among did little talking. When they did talk it was about moonshine whisky, possums, coons and other matters of local interest. She had never visited the town, fourteen miles away, except on one occasion. Then her father had hitched an ox to a cart, tied ropes to the animal's horns for lines and driven her there and back. In town she had seen heaps of houses and heaps of people, but she was scared and disturbed all the time. She had seen what her father said were gentlemen and ladies, and she remembered them ever afterward. This was why she said to herself as she stood leaning on the handle of the broom that the man before her must be a gentleman. He asked for her father, who was away in the woods, and for her mother, who was out digging sassafras root, and then he explained that he had come up the mountain to study nature. He would study flowers, the birds and the wild animals, and he would write of them later on. He wanted board and lodgings. Would Mr. Settle take him in?

Nancy had seen men whose rough speech frightened her. She had seen others who came to make love to her. She had run away from both kinds. She did not run away from this man, who gave her his name as Williams. After the first five minutes she was hardly embarrassed. True, she was interfered, her hair hung down her back in a tangle, and there were hooks missing from her waist. But his talk put her at ease. He seemed to take no notice of her shortcomings.

He talked of the woods and the weather and the scenery, and she found herself talking to him. It was so with the mother when she came. She was hard featured and distrustful, but the stranger's courteous words and his pleasant smiles caused her to look with favor upon him. With the husband and father it took longer. He was not a moonshiner, but there were stills in the dark recesses belonging to others, and he was on his guard against strangers for the sake of his friends. He could have fed a revenue officer to four different stills within a radius of five miles, but he would have died before pointing his finger in the direction of one. So he would take the stranger in—but he would also watch him. The man should not move twenty rods in any direction without being followed and spied on. If he had come for the revenue service then one more dead man should be left in the forest to be covered by the leaves in the fall.

The coming of Williams was an event to all, but to Nancy it was more than that. An interest something clothed and hidden her self next morning. It put shoes and stockings on her feet. It washed her face with soap and water, and it cleaned her finger nails and caused her mother to look at her in surprise. The barefooted way was good enough for the mountaineers who came to sit and smoke and talk and borrow cornmeal, but it was not good enough for a gentleman from the lowlands.

The stranger fell readily into the ways of the people. His bed was rude and his fare rough, but he was satisfied. Grim men and lanky boys came to stare at him and ask him brusque questions, but he laughed as he answered them and gradually won their confidence. He talked to them of many wonderful inventions; he told them stories of sea and land; he gave them pointers on the habits of the birds and animals they had lived among all their lives and were yet ignorant of. He was ready to answer all questions and arbitrate all disputes, and they had to bow to his wisdom. For a couple of weeks he was followed as he moved about. Then it was agreed that he had not come as a spy. With his sporting shotgun he brought down squirrels, rabbits and birds, and after carrying them home in set to work as a taxidermist and stuffed and mounted them in such a lifelike manner that the people of the mountains came five miles to see and to praise.

And after the first two weeks Nancy often accompanied him in his rambles. Sometimes the father went along as well. The girl could shoot, and she brought down many a specimen. She brought flowers and remembered the names he gave them. She found the holes of woodchucks and rabbits and weasels and listened closely while he told of the habits of such animals. Williams was in no hurry. He had come to pass the summer on the mountain. He roamed and he hunted. He visited other cabins and made friends of all he came in contact with. As they found him one day, so they found him the next. There were those who could not understand why he should interest himself in such a pursuit—why any one should particularly care about birds and squirrels and flowers—but they liked and trusted the man for all that. It came at last that even the owners of some of the hidden stills talked of inviting him to visit them.

For three long months Nancy lived in a new world. There had been physical and mental changes for the better. Unknown to even her mother, she tried to teach herself to read. Shoes and stockings were precious things among the people of the mountain, but never since that first day had Williams seen her barefooted. She had made herself a new sunbonnet. She had sewed a flounce on her best dress. She had made a bow to wear at her throat. She had cleared her hair of tangles and felt a wave of pride sweep over her as she caught the young man looking at it admiringly. She slyly watched him as he ate, and she tried to copy him. He had seen these things and a hundred others, and they had made him smile. He had treated her in a way as an equal and in a way as a child. He had been friendly, but he had never talked love. He had told her of romance and adventure, of the great world to which she was a stranger, but not with any intent to make her dissatisfied with her surroundings.

Had he been a bit more observing he would have seen the growth of new sentiments and aspirations that she lacked the womanly ingenuity to conceal, but he went on regarding her as a child.

One evening he announced that on the next morning he must take his departure. Together they sat on the doorstep in the moonlight and looked down over the forests and peaks and were very quiet. At first he told her of the great ocean lying hundreds of miles away, of the great cities teeming with human life, of the wonders she might some day behold, and she crowded closer to him like a child. Then she sighed and sighed and sighed and moved away. By and by she entered the cabin and sought her bed without a word. She did not appear at breakfast. She had risen and gone out. He waited half an hour to say goodby, but as she did not come he shouldered his pack and set out.

Half a mile down the trail he found her. She was seated on a rock at a bend where they had often sat and rested and talked.

"Come down, Nancy. I want to say goodby," he called.

She came slowly, and he saw her as he had seen her on that first day. Her hair was hanging down her back, stockings and shoes were conspicuously absent, and how and flounce were missing. Not exactly as he had seen her on that first day, for now she had been weeping.

"Why, Nancy, what is it?" he asked as he took her hand.

"It's—it's that—I can't read!" she almost wailed. "It's that I can't write, can't talk, can't go nowhere, can't be nuthin' nor nobody. It's that I am pore and shackety and ignorant and have got to live and die pore. It's—it's"—

"But, Nancy"—he began, and then, realizing her feelings, he knew not what to add.

"You'll never come ag'in?" she queried.

"Perhaps not."

"And I'll have no one—no one"—

Her eyes were cast down and her tears falling as he held her hand. By and by he softly said:

"I didn't know it till just now, Nancy."

"But it can't be," she replied as she raised her head and threw her hair back. "It can't be no more than the ongle and the crow. You—you are erything; I am nuthin'—nuthin' but pore and ignorant and shackety, just fitten for such a life as this."

Then she bent forward and kissed him, wrenched her hand away and fled up the trail and left him looking after her and pondering and wondering and feeling such a pity as he would never feel for woman again. He heard her whistling among the rocks. She was fighting herself; he heard her laughing. She was going back to the old life with a breaking heart. And he knew she was right.

A Rather Necessary Question.

Ordinarily Mr. Lawton was a reasonably good tempered man, but hot weather did not agree with him, and under the stress of it he became irritable and most unhappy.

"I never saw anything like some of these countrymen!" he grumbled one day, when he returned from a fishing expedition. He had started when the wind was east and the sky overcast, only to have the wind die down and the sun come out hot and blinding, and his feelings were injured in consequence.

"What is the matter now?" inquired his wife, as she hastily removed some work from the chair toward which she saw his feet were tending.

"Why, I asked a farmer out on the Greenham turnpike, not more than three miles away from Long pond, whether I was half way there, and he said in the most indifferent way that he wasn't prepared to tell, but he'd like to know where I was stopping."

"Well, didn't you tell him?" quavered Mrs. Lawton, her face half hidden in her handkerchief.

"Tell him? No! What business was it of his, particularly when he'd refused to answer a civil question?" said Mr. Lawton indignantly. "I just stumped along till I came to a guideboard. They're the most disobliging lot!"—Youth's Companion.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

THE WATERMELON.

Not What It Used to Be, at Least in the Eating Thereof.

In the old days when the world was much better than it is now, there were good watermelons.

As we remember them, the watermelons of twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five years ago were huge affairs. They were none of your overgrown cucumber effects of today, but were great big round fellows, and the outside was a dark green. It was the same shade of green as the reflection of the trees in a swimming hole.

And when you sunk the knife into it the rind ripped and cracked for two inches ahead of the blade, and the melon just laughed itself open.

Hold on! You didn't use a knife. You lifted the melon above your head and dropped it to the ground, and it burst open, as red as a rose and a hundred times as sweet. And you ate nothing but the heart—just the chunky red heart.

Nowadays the marketman shows you an oblong affair done in pale green and greenery-gallery stripes, with a white blotch on the underside, dubs he calls a watermelon. And you cut it into slices like bologna sausage and eat it with a fork, like pie.

And you have forgotten whether a watermelon goes plink-plunk or plunk-plunk when it is ripe, because it doesn't make any difference now.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

THEY WON'T SHUT DOORS.

And They Will Ride Backward, Reports a Traveler of Englishman.

Travelers returning from England tell of two habits of the people of that country which impressed them. One is the average Englishman's aversion to shutting the door behind him.

"I don't know how it is in the English houses," remarked one who has toured England, "for I was not in one of them. But I stayed in a hotel in London where there were a good many English people, and a dozen times daily I had to get up and shut a door to keep the draft away.

"It didn't make any difference whether it was a servant or a guest who went through, the door was left open. This was in the spring of the year, too, when the weather was chilly. I noticed the same thing in railway coaches and hotels of smaller towns."

The other English peculiarity is a preference for riding backward on trains. The Englishman will make for the seat with its back to the engine every time, plant himself down in it with every evidence of comfort and look wonderingly at anybody who picks out a seat facing the direction the train is going. Not once did one American traveling in England see a native choose a seat facing the front of the train unless there were no other seats.—New York Sun.

A Wife in Bondage.

He is that rare and greatly to be admired person, a real live duke, and he holds sway over many workers. To give him his due, he is a good master, and for the most part his kindness is greatly appreciated by his retainers.

But Bob Willet is a laborer with democratic proclivities and marked distaste for work, and recently his local master determined that the one thing to do with Bob was to dismiss him, whereupon he did so, and Bob came to the conclusion that the time had now arrived when the pride of the peerage should be humbled. The difficulty was to think of something sufficiently biting, for the duke was a good master, as has been remarked. Then an inspiration flashed on Bob. The duke's duchess had been appointed a lady in waiting to the queen, and this was Bob's opportunity.

"All right, yer grace," he said, "I'll go, but I'll take heart to say this: Though I'm a poor man, I've never had to send my missus out to service, and that's more'n some people can say."—London Chronicle.

Voting Terms.

"Ballot," as generally used, has wandered far from its original meaning of "little ball." Even "blackballing" is no longer necessarily literal. Language has several fossil relics of primitive methods of voting. Most famous is "ostracism," which perpetuates the memory of the "ostrakon," the potsherd or shell upon which the Athenian citizen voted for the banishment of a too prominent personage. Another instance is "spondulicks," the slang word for money. A "spondulos," properly a vertebra of the spine, came to mean any round thing and in particular the voting pebble or its metal equivalent.

Custard.

Concerning custard, or "custad," as it was formerly called, it was a common joke at civic feasts in the olden time to place an enormous custard in the middle of the table, into which at some stage of the proceedings the clown unexpectedly jumped. Ben Jonson uses the term "custard-leap jack" of a wife "in tail of a sheriff's dinner" took "his again leap into a custard" to "make my lady mayoress and her sisters laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."—Blackwood's Magazine.

No Answer.

Tommy—Pop, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?

Tommy's Pop—So we are told, my son.

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"—London Telegraph.

Avarice says, "I will oppress the weak and devour the fruits of his labors, and I will say that it is fate that has so ordained."—Volney.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pinules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Language of The Woods.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

Spring held sway over the spurs of the Alleghanies. Around Eliza Jane was the breadth of moist earth, the pungent odor of cedar, green shoots and wild pink azaleas. Below the call of the robin came the purring of the mountain stream, a little to the left, as it curved over its stony bed, lapping tender mosses on either side and stirring ferns and tiny white violets into active growth.

Eliza Jane, seated on a decaying log her feet deep in dry brown leaves, was conscious of all this, though her eyes and fingers were busy over the writing pad resting on her knee. She was writing verses. Back of her consciousness was a little silent laugh at the foolishness of such an occupation for her, a staid teacher in a New England school.

Ten years had she held the position. Never in all that period had she so wasted precious hours. It was as if the past had been suddenly recalled. A certain memorable day spent in the Maine woods seemed by reason of her present environment but yesterday, whereas in truth it dated further back than the monotonous grind of school routine that now enslaved her. The teacher salved her self respect for such a frivolous impulse with the reminder that it was vacation time. Work of any sort had been prohibited on pain of nerves, already severely taxed, failing to the coming winter.

She had inscribed the title above her effusion in her neat, stiff writing, "Language of the Woods," and the simple words, faulty enough as poetry, were illumined with sincerity. The language of the woods, unheard for years, now in a different section of the country came clear and insistent as on that other holiday. Again she caught the murmur of hope in the swish of tall nipples, drowning the sigh of regret among dark pines. The bridal white of the dogwood rose against cloudless sky. White, wind swayed anemones, great purple violets and creeping pohgala, thrusting frail heads high through decaying leaves, all spoke of imperishable youth and love. A couple of lines in her little verses brought a faint tinge of color to Eliza Jane's pale cheek:

Amid lightning and hailstones and rain,
Came love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine.

She let them remain because, like an echo of the language of which she wrote, they seemed to belong here. Presently the rhymes were completed, and, dropping both pad and pencil into the basket that she had brought to carry home such mountain treasures as she might find, she rose and stretched her arms with luxurious abandon. It was wonderful to be free from the cramp and irksome strain of routine. She breathed long and deeply of the invigorating air.

"I wonder, Elias, do you, too, remember my first of course not; you're a man I don't myself, except here, where one feels as if actually existing alive again after being petrified. I shall forget all about it directly when I go back. It's only the language of the woods after all."

Eliza Jane laughed half regretfully. It was not unnatural that the place should stir sentiment in her. It was the same town to which Elias Smith had come after their mountain-climbing, before they quite lost track of each other. Once, writing to her cousin, she casually inquired for her old friend. But Mrs. Hart answered that, while she heard of numberless Smiths, she had yet to come across one called Elias, which, in her judgment, was a mercy, since it was an ugly name. Scripture or no Scripture; hence when Eliza Jane accepted the invitation she had done so confident she ran no risk of meeting with her boy lover.

Catching sight through the tangle of underbrush of a glowing mass of azaleas, she pushed her way through, eagerly filling her hands. From one shrub to another she wandered, sometimes higher up the mountain side, sometimes dropping back, but always adding to her blossoms. When she could carry no more Eliza Jane paused for breath. The flash of scarlet and glossy black of a tanager caught her eye, and she held herself breathless so as not to scare him away.

When the green tangle swallowed him up she realized her own fatigue and fastened her skirts to find her basket. Search as she would, she could not come upon it. Back and forth she walked, now climbing afresh the rocky incline, now descending with greater speed. At times stray bits of azalea caught on alien shrubs made her realize with disgust that she was covering ground already trodden. Her watch proved the hour late; dinner would be over and her cousin anxious at her nonappearance. Of small value in itself, the basket could be easily replaced, but the little spinster did not relish leaving her inspiration of the woods to the mercy of any stranger passing that way. In the end she was compelled to do so.

Usually self possessed, she stammered while explaining her misfortune on her return. Her cousin paused in setting the warmed over dinner before her to express her disapproval.

"At your age, Eliza Jane, to take to rhymes. You'd better stick to teaching. There's some use and more money in that."

"Should any one find it," suggested Eliza Jane uneasily.

"Is your name on it? No? Then they'd never lay such nonsense at your door. A schoolma'am is not supposed to be hanging verses about the woods like that young man we saw in the play last winter."

Two days later while slipping her coffee Eliza Jane glanced carelessly over the morning paper. Prominently on the editorial page was printed a small poem. The title seemed fairly to jump out of the column at her: "Language of the Woods."

The cup clattered as she set it in the saucer, and Mrs. Hart looked up reproachfully.

"Lor', Eliza Jane, what scared you now?"

"My—my verses"—

"For land's sake!" Her cousin appropriated the paper, and, adjusting her glasses carefully, read in a monotone, regardless of all punctuation, the verses Eliza Jane had pencilled in the woods. She cast a suspicious glance at her relative's bent head on reaching the couplet:

Amid lightning and hailstones and rain,
Came love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine.

Perhaps womanly sympathy for anything bordering on romance held her tongue, for she made no comment then—or ever, till it no longer mattered.

"Listen, Eliza Jane," she continued with growing interest, "here's some remarks by the editor himself. He desires the author to go down to the office for a check. Do tell! Money for that rubbish! Not that I want to hurt your feelings. I guess yours are no worse than lots of others."

"Perhaps writing would answer"—began Eliza Jane.

"Personal application is what it says here. If you can make money that easy the least you can do is to go after it."

So Eliza Jane did go and was ushered into the august presence of the editor. That gentleman proved tall, broad shouldered and a trifle bald, but with eyes that twinkled as at some peculiarly pertinent joke.

"I was right—I felt I was right. But you have changed a little more than your verses, Eliza Jane." The editor took his visitor by the hand, seating her in the wide armed chair. "Don't say you have forgotten me—I know better."

"Is it Elias Smith?" Eliza Jane could scarcely make the words distinct for the throbbing in her throat.

"No longer Elias H. Smith, but E. Browning Smith. It reads better in print. You, however, may call me as you will."

"You found the basket, but how could you guess"—

"That it was yours? Had I not seen in our gossip column that Miss Eliza Jane Robinson was visiting our city? The writing was identical with that in a certain letter I sometimes read to this day—above all, which of us could forget—

"Love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine?"

"Don't—please don't." Eliza Jane hurried her face in her hands. But even so she could not hide her blushes. They crept up to the very rims of her small ears, from which her hair was brushed back straight and tidied. Elias Smith took her by the wrists and gently uncovered her face. Stooping till his eyes were level with hers, he spoke almost in a whisper:

"I had lost you, Eliza Jane, and it seemed forever. But in the woods I have found your again, and this time I shall never let you go."

Man's War on Natural Beauty.

Today it is unfortunately perfectly true that man is the only animal who, instead of adorning and beautifying, makes nature hideous by his presence. The fox and the squirrel may make their homes in the wood and add to its beauty in so doing, but when Alderman Smith plants his villa there the gods pack up their trunks and depart. They can bear it no longer. The bushmen can hide themselves and become indistinguishable on a slope of bare rock; they twine their little naked bodies together and look like a heap of dead sticks. But when the chimney pot hat and the frock coat appear the birds fly screaming from the trees. This was the great glory of the Greeks—that they accepted and perfected nature, as the Parthenon sprang out of the limestone terraces of the Acropolis, carrying the natural lines of the rocks by gradations scarce perceptible into the finished human beauty of frieze and pediment. Possibly some day we shall again build our houses or dwelling places so simple and elemental in character that they will fit in the nooks of the hills or along the banks of streams or by the edges of the woods without disturbing the harmony of the landscape or the songs of the birds.—Edward Carpenter.

But They Couldn't Stop Steam.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the royal navy and one day exclaimed in the house of commons, "Mr. Speaker, when we enter her majesty's naval service and face the chances of war we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets or be blown to bits by shot and shell, but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive." The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Yet in a few years Sir Charles Napier found himself in command of the largest steam navy that the world had ever seen.

Lord Stanley, subsequently the great Lord Derby, presided over a select committee of the house of commons to examine into the state of steam navigation. George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who was examined, spoke of the probability of steamships crossing the Atlantic. "Good heavens! What do you say?" exclaimed Lord Stanley, rising from his seat. "If steamships cross the Atlantic I will eat the boiler of the first boat." That pledge was never redeemed.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Zad Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant,
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bolton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Halwood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford
Com'rs Clerk—A. E. Wallace, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Shaw.
Justices—H. D. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. B. Tuft, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—F. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 484, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 347, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ABELLE GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. H. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 331 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2:30 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss E. S. BARBER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree, 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree, 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month, at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

TH.

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the W...kly is one dollar.

Home Love Is Best.

By JANE LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1901, by P. C. Eastment.

"Miss Short, I want you to be my wife. I want to take you to my home in Germany and teach you to love my people as they will love you. Will you have me?"

These words fell from the lips of a handsome German who was staying at the Ellwood inn for the summer and who for weeks had been devoted to the beautiful Eleanor Short, heiress to a cool million.

"Oh, Count Andrea, thank you so much, but I am not for other lands. I'm a home girl pure and simple. Your people would not love me. I had hoped you would go without making me say this."

"You know, then, that I would ask you?"

The girl drew herself up with a stately manner and replied:

"Since you do not spare me, why should I spare you? Yes, I know that you would."

"Americans do not know the meaning of home," sneered the count. "I

"DEAR HEART," REMEMBERED.

could not have gone without asking you, Miss Short, because—well, it does not matter now. I am sorry I asked you, and I trust you will never regret your answer. You will hear of me again." And with a sigh he left her.

Eleanor, once more on the piazza, dropped into an armchair and rocked slowly back and forth. It was a beautiful night, a night for happiness, not for tears, and why should she cry? Yet tears would come to her eyes. She did not love the man who had just left her, and she did love some one else. She did not want a German home nor a German husband, and she resented his attack on the American home. She leaned forward on the rail and sighed.

A shot rang through the stillness of the night air, followed by a piercing scream.

In an instant the conservative patrons of Elwood inn became a clamorous crowd, surging on the piazza from every direction. The men rushed this way and that, and in a few moments the lifeless form of a woman was carried into the hotel lobby. Miss Short had been shot in the back, perhaps fatally, and her slayer was still at large.

In spite of the dogs' scent, the injured girl's assailant could not be found. The guests were carefully examined, defective tires were called in and went through their usual methods of cross-questioning the employees of the hotel and hours dragged by with no trace of the man who had fired the shot. Bulletins were issued from time to time regarding the condition of the patient, and by morning symptoms showed that there was a chance for her recovery.

With the recovery of consciousness came speech, and her first rambling words were, "Oh, how could he!"

An anxious mother leaned over her and gently said:

"Who, Eleanor, dear?"

The injured girl gasped, "The count!" and again lapsed into unconsciousness.

But one count had been at the hotel, and it did not take long to find him in his room and place him under arrest. He was placed under heavy bail until Miss Short either recovered to face him at the trial or died.

Days intervened while the patient hung between life and death, but finally she began to pick up the broken threads and was well on the road to recovery. Her mother, sitting by the bedside of the girl, fondly caressing her, said:

"Jack has been here every day, dear, asking and pleading to see you, and we have promised that he shall be the first. Can you see him today? The poor boy is almost frantic."

"Yes, mother, I want to see him whenever you say I may."

"He has been waiting in the other room for two hours, so I will call him."

A well built, brown faced man appeared at the door in answer to the mother's call and knelt down by the side of the girl, slipping one strong arm about her shoulders and resting his head very close to hers.

"Dear heart," he murmured.

"Why, Jack, mother is here looking at us," said Eleanor as the color came to her pale cheeks.

"Your mother knows all about it dear. Haven't I been telling her every day for the past two weeks? If she don't know it it's not my fault. You see, I couldn't tell you, so I had to tell some one and thought your mother a safe repository for confidences. But you mustn't talk, dear. You are just to get well, and then I'm going to take you away for months and months—just you and I, dear."

Eleanor proved a good patient, and each day found her stronger than the one gone by. Jack was in attendance almost as constantly as the nurse and Mrs. Short, and many happy hours he sat beside her, with her head on his shoulder, while he read aloud. One day as the twilight approached she leaned over and closed the book that he was reading.

"Jack, dear, you have not told me that you loved me."

"Why, Eleanor, how can you say that. It was the last thing I said last evening when your mother turned me out."

"I remember now, but that was yesterday," she said as she nestled closer to him. "That was a whole twenty-four hours ago."

"Dear heart," he said, with a smile, "as each twenty-four hours elapse I love you that much more. You know that, dear, and I don't see why we have to wait until you get entirely well. Why not be married quietly right here in this little room, where we have been so happy with each other, and let me nurse you back to health?"

"Why, Jack, you selfish man! Not have a wedding, no bridesmaids and, no long, white, satin dress, with a train! Oh, how could you even suggest it? But if you want me to I will, dear, for when you go far away from me the whole light seems to go out of my life, and it's been dark such a long time."

Jack's answer was to take her in his strong arms and hold her close to his heart for a moment as he whispered, "Darling?"

"Jack," Eleanor murmured, "I want to ask you a question that has been on my mind ever since I regained consciousness. I wanted to ask mother, but feared to worry her. But if you will hold me tight I will ask you."

"What is it, dear?" answered Jack.

"Who shot me?" And her eyes closed as she asked the dreaded question.

The poor count did not do it. It happened to be coming up the grounds that night as he left you, and I stopped to watch him. He walked down the front steps and sauntered over to the big elm tree at the south end of the grounds, when from the bushes the form of a woman appeared, and in an instant she leveled a pistol and shot at him. She missed him and the bullet struck you. It all came out in a few days. It has since come to light that the woman was his wife, whom he deserted in Germany."

"Oh, Jack! What suffering that wicked man has caused!"

"Yes. But he opened my eyes to how precious you were to me. I had taken you for granted, dear, not as a special blessing. We men are so selfish."

"Not you, Jack," she murmured as his arms closed around her.

He Was Examined.

Francois Arago, the great French scientist, was a precocious youth. He was prepared for the chief examinations of the Ecole Polytechnique before he was seventeen years old. The examiner was almost brutal in his manner toward the young candidates. A favorite companion of Arago was badly frightened at his severe questions and failed to pass the examination. At length Arago's turn came.

"Young man," said the examiner sternly, "you are probably as ignorant as your companion. I advise you to go and complete your studies before you risk this examination."

"Monsieur," replied the boy, blinking from passing. He knew much more than he seemed to know.

"Bladder," exclaimed the examiner. "The excuse of boys. I think you are dull also."

"Far from it," returned Arago shortly.

"Take care. It would be wise to spare yourself the disgrace of being rejected."

"The disgrace for me would lie in not being examined," said the young candidate proudly.

Arago's solution of the problems set before him was so accurate and so brilliant that at last his examiner sprang from his chair and, throwing his arms about the boy's neck in delight, exclaimed:

"Bravo! If you are not received into the Ecole Polytechnique, no one will be admitted."

And Arago then began a career which added greatly to the stock of human knowledge.

A Clay Pipe Trick.

The ordinary clay pipe has under the bowl a projection or heel which it would seem impossible to break from the opposite side of an ordinary table without injuring the bowl or breaking the stem. Yet it can be done with ease after two or three attempts. Break off a piece of the stem—about a couple of inches will do—and place it on the table so that it projects a little over the edge. Ask a friend to hold the pipe obliquely, heel upward and the bowl higher than the end of the stem. He can do this by inserting his little finger in the bowl. Now get your piece in proper line with the stem of the pipe and strike it forcibly and well with the palm of your hand. The piece will fly across the table along the stem and break the heel clean off.

This seems amazing at first sight, but any one with a "straight eye" can do it with very little practice.

DODGED THE BULLETS.

Incident of the Italian Revolution of 1848 in Brescia.

The Count de Hubner tells in his memoirs a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had intrusted the lady for safekeeping to the count's care, but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general, Bath, was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was ready to let the general know that De Hubner himself was coming and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

"Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument," says Count de Hubner. "Finally I pulled myself together. I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself, to make a last report and to keep my word about poor Mme. M. I mailed the door, drew a long breath and plunged down the street.

"The bullets flew all around me, spattering in leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace they swung inward, and in a second I was inside, unwounded. This only half my journey was done. I had still to go back again.

"A letter, my last report, was soon completed for Metternich and my message to the husband of Mme. M. was given. I had to return.

"Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the sparts of rifle smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door and as I did so I turned to look back.

"Another man left the palace gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the street a puff of smoke shot out of a window and he fell flat and was instantly lying like a log across the gutter. The fire stopped at once—what use would even an Italian see in shooting a dead man?

"But on the second that all became quiet to my great astonishment I saw this 'dead man' rise to his legs like a cat and dash across the street into the half open door waiting for him. The sharpshooters were taken by surprise and he escaped."

Beggars in Italy.

As the natural beauties of Italy increase toward the south so do the beggars in numbers and persistence. The lame, the halt and the blind confront one everywhere in Naples. Mothers exhibit the stumps of pitiable children, and strong, well children follow the foreigner about, begging for alms. They stick like leeches to the tourist's wrist, sometimes even laying hands on him to call attention to their needs. This nuisance is in no small degree due to the careless generosity of tourists who scatter coppers to be scrambled for by ragamuffins in the streets, on whose hearts are touched by pitiable spectacles. It is, however, better to make a firm rule not to give. In the first place your money when given to manifestly needy beggars is often extorted from them by slouch-hatted loafers. Besides, if you give one you'll soon find a crowd after you. If you must give, give little. A soldo (equivalent of our cent) is sufficient. Knowledge of methods of dismissing importuning beggars, louts and vendors will be found useful on reaching Naples and other cities of the south.—Travel Magazine.

Bohemia's Rocky Maze.

The Rocky maze of Prachov, near Jacin in northern Bohemia, is a veritable natural curiosity. It has been well described as a gigantic "freak in stone." To enter the labyrinth without a guide is a perilous proceeding, for an unwary adventurer would probably speedily be lost in the tortuous windings of the maze, where the paths are so narrow and crooked and the cliffs on the side so high that the explorer soon loses all idea of locality. In days of fiery persecution the Moravian and Bohemian brethren's secret prayer meetings used to be held here, just as the early Christians assembled to worship in the catacombs. The cliffs are honeycombed with cells, and at the far end of the maze is a rock castle, where in the old days a robber baron lived and took toll of all wayfarers. The shape of some of the rocks is very curious. There are, for instance, the "bishop and miter," the "Madonna and the child" and many others.—London Scraps.

A Red Headed Match.

While in a tobacconist's shop a gentleman asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red headed one," she promptly replied, with a suggestive, demure smile that aroused his interest.

Further conversation proved her to be a person worthy of regard, and eventually the red headed match was handed over.—London Punch.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the News

The Little Red House.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

Copyrighted, 1897, by Jessie Morgan.

Brady, whizzing along Riverside in his big automobile, was a lonely man. Before he had made his money he had lived on a farm, and in his trips back and forth from town there had been the greetings of good neighbors and the welcome of the farm hands, and at home the sociability of the maids at the great table, where maids and men gathered with the family.

There was no sociability in New York. For days he had wandered into the theaters and through the hotels, avoiding instinctively the men who would have cultivated him merely for what they could get out of him, but finding no friends.

At last, in desperation, he had learned to drive an automobile and spent his days in making long trips into the country, jobbernowling with the farmers who leaned over the fence rolls to talk to him and leaving them wistfully when they returned to their toil.

Today as he sped down the drive, with its rows of cliff like buildings, he yearned for some cheery spot where he might eat and drink with a friend. And it was at this moment that his eye was caught by a sign in the window of the little red house.

The little red house was set at the edge of a vacant lot, and it seemed a very shabby neighbor to the stately white apartment house that flanked it on the left. It had a sloping roof, a few vines clung to the porch, and just above the door was the sign that had attracted Brady's notice, and the sign read, "Fresh cherry pies."

Brady swept up to the curb and climbed out of his machine. His great form filled the low doorway and shut

"I DIDN'T WONDER THAT PEOPLE CAME," COMMENTED BRADY.

out the sunlight, so that at first he could not see clearly the figure behind the counter.

"I came in to ask about the cherry pies," he said. "Can I get one here or must I carry it away with me?"

There was a ripple of laughter, and Brady moved to one side and saw that the person in charge was a girl, fresh faced, pretty and trim.

"You can eat it here," she said, taking a pie out of the case. "People usually take them away, but there is a little table and a chair and I could make you a cup of coffee."

"Coffee and pie does very well," he said. "I'm awfully hungry, and it is so pleasant here."

She was cutting the pie, but she looked up as he said that. "Oh, do you like it?" she asked. "I hope every one will. I'm just beginning business, and I want to make a fortune."

Brady, who had made his fortune in oil, was much interested in this more picturesque method.

"Do you sell many?" he asked.

"Twenty yesterday," she confided. "I worked at night to get them ready, but it seemed as if every one wanted cherry pies. The people in the apartment house came, and I have sold out everything today except this one pie."

It was a beautiful pie, with a delicate brown crust overlaid with powdered sugar and all rosy and juicy and delicious within.

"I don't wonder that people came," commented Brady as he sat down at the little table which she had spread with a spotless cloth.

She was like a child in her delight at his compliment.

"It was the only thing in the world that I knew how to do," she said, "and when I was left alone and lost the little income that my father had left me I decided to bake for a living."

She was sitting opposite him, and he liked the unconsciousness with which she gave him her confidence.

"I lived in the country when I was a little girl, and my mother taught me to cook."

"I'm tired of the country, too," Brady said.

"I'm not," she said, with a wise nod. "I think that is why I could tell you things—some don't, always be sure of city men."

"I don't—I hate the city," Brady said.

She shook her head. "No," she said

"It would be beautiful if one had friends or any one to care."

"Well, that's what I mean," Brady said. "It's so dead lonesome."

He had finished his pie and he got up reluctantly. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I guess I'd better go."

She went to the door with him.

"What a beautiful automobile!" she said when she saw it.

"Yes, it's pretty nice," Brady agreed. "But it isn't much fun driving around by myself."

"No, I suppose not," sympathetically.

There was a moment's silence. Then Brady spoke his thoughts boldly.

"Let me drive you out into the country."

She hesitated. "I don't believe I ought," she said.

Brady looked down at her. "Can't you trust me?" he asked.

Her eyes met his steady blue ones. "Yes," she said simply and went to put on her hat.

"You see," she told him as they swept along between the green fields, "if I sell twenty pies a day at 25 cents that will be $5 a day. I ought to clear $100 a month." And she leaned back, with a sigh of content.

Brady, whose income was $100 or more a day, asked with interest, "What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Save it and buy a cottage in the country, with a chickens and a cat and a dog and a cow."

Brady's soul was stirred by this picture of domesticity, and he asked enviously:

"Will you bake cherry pies?"

"Yes," she planned. "I am going to have a cherry tree and an apple tree. You have never tasted such apple tarts as I can bake."

Brady turned to his seat and looked at her. "I am going to taste them," he informed her. "I am going to come and see you in your cottage."

She laughed. "Such air castles!" was her way of settling the question.

But Brady's chin was set with determination, and there was determination in his eyes as he said, "I shall do it. I shall be a fruit raiser with two big ducks and a barn," he mused expressively, "and a comfortable chubby cat, and a fat, waddling dog, and a child or two, and I am going to induce you to come to make my apple tarts."

She smiled with a self consciousness. "We'll see," she said.

"Well, happy—there it's a dream" —Brady's face was dogged—"but some day I shall make it come true."

There was a mistaking what he meant.

"Please don't," she begged.

Brady gave her a whimsical glance. "Well, I suppose it is too soon to talk about it," he agreed. "But that cottage will need something besides a cow and a dog and a cat for me to be happy. It will need a wife and a woman worth loving—and until today I hadn't seen such a woman."

"You have known me but three hours."

"Three hours or three years! What's the difference when I know I have found the one I want?"

They were back again on the city drive, and the little red house was in sight.

"We don't have to settle anything now," Brady told her quietly. "Of course I couldn't expect you to feel the way I do. But what I want to know is this—may I come again?"

She hesitated, then, as he lifted her out of the car with his strong arms, she smiled up at him.

"Yes," she said, "if you like you may come again."

A Tart Answer.

"I was writing by my study window," writes a clergyman, "and a little child was playing outside by throwing leaves at the window. Losing all determined to frighten the boy. It happened that his mother was coming after him at the same moment, and we met by his side.

"I scolded the child, and then as the mother seemed excessively stupid, I gave her a piece of my mind. Finally, as a grand and overwhelming conclusion to my scolding I said:

"'A little discipline now with your children will save you much pain if not disgrace in the future. Think of that, madam—that is, if you ever do think.'

"'Think is it?' she replied. 'I think if you'd go back to your bedroom and wipe the ink off av your nose you'd be prettier even if you didn't make so much av a sensation.'

"It was not a soft answer, but it had the effect of turning away wrath."—London Tit-Bits.

An Ideal Sitter.

A Washington artist while sketching in North Carolina was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. At last he found the precise situation he was seeking, and, best of all, there chanced to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old colored woman in the foreground.

The artist asked the old woman to remain seated until he had sketched her. She assented with the greatest good nature, but in a few minutes asked how long the artist would be.

"Oh, only about a quarter of an hour," he answered.

Three minutes or so later the old darky again inquired—this time with manifest anxiety—how long the operation of sketching would take.

"Not long," was the reassuring reply. "But why do you ask so anxiously?"

"Oh, nuthin', sah," the old woman hastened to respond; "only I's sittin' on an ant hill, sah."—Harper's Weekly.

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 30 days treatment of Pineules for $1.00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, Lumbago and Rheumatism yield quickly. If not satisfied your money refunded. This is a fair offer you can't lose. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

SUNKEN CITIES.

Ancient Legend of the Lost Dutch Town of Stavoren.

Along the shores of the German ocean, as in other parts of the world, there are legends of great and populous cities swallowed up by the sea. Sometimes these legends are based upon facts and occasionally not. A writer in the Scientific American says: "The most striking of all the legends is that dealing with the lost Dutch town of Stavoren, at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee. Here there lived a rich and powerful lady, whose pride, cruelty and selfishness aroused the anger of heaven and caused the wicked and misguided city to sink beneath the waves. A small portion of the city (where the good people lived) was saved, and its name still clearves to the small town of Stavoren. It is an indisputable fact that in the thirteenth century Stavoren was a wealthy and powerful commercial city. However, due partly to the port's becoming choked with sand and partly to the irruption of the Zuyder Zee in 1277, it rapidly lost its importance, and at the present time what is left of it affords shelter to only about 800 souls. The roofs and spires of the now submarine buildings can, it is said, be often seen far down in the depths when the sea is still and the weather is clear, while silent listeners, on Christmas eve, will hear the distant and muffled tone of church bells arising from the depths, only to break in bubbles and ripples on the surface of the Zuyder Zee.

"Disaster befell the small hamlet of Tiefengallen about thirty years ago. This was a pretty little village situated near Krankbrieh, in Thuringia, Germany. In the center there was a small dilapidated building, upon which the good people used to keep their ducks and other water loving fowl. One stormy day, why and where before heaven only knows, the village went down and its place was taken by a large lake, which still marks the site of the ill fated village. The belighted peasant returning home after a hard day's work felling timber in the forest surrounding Krankbrieh often sees unsteady looking lights flitting about over the marshy ground and mutters a prayer for the rest of the troubled spirits who, he thinks, are hunting for their lost home. These lights are merely ignited marsh gases, or will o' the wisps.

"Many other towns have disappeared, due to landslides, avalanches and the like, which have buried them into lakes and inland seas. Local legends say that huge devilfish live in these lakes, and it is their movements which cause the towns to slip down and hurl their contents into the depths, where the monsters eat them, glut their maws on mangled flesh and blood. Since the eleventh century 'Old Hans,' as the Frisians call the north sea, has devastated [illegible] and villages, either by swallowing them up entirely or else by burying them under beds of sand."—Chicago News.

The Selfishness of Bachelors.

Assuredly, the erudite Gibbon and the prophetic Dryasdust would have made a wealth to attend to their household studies, but each preferred that the other take the chance of assuming a burden, and, however prudent a wife thus obtained might have proved to be, we may be certain that her advent would have been attributed to human prescience and that she would not be regarded as equaling as the Scriptures truly say, "direct from the Lord." And yet the penpoints Gibbon should have known better. Twenty odd years before, while still capable of feeling human emotion, he had fallen in love really and truly with the Lausanne minister's daughter, Susanne Curchod, and would have married her but for his father's disapproval. But self interest prevailed and he let the beautiful girl go to become the wife of Necker and the mother of Mme. de Stael. Doubtless the irresistibly aspect of the prize, and a philosophy as the result of his self-possessed, [illegible] of [illegible] deprived himself in excessive fondness of a great desire to contemplate.

But it is ever so with men who have passed forty unsubdued by domestic discipline. Their pugnant demands invariably exceed the bounds of reason. Observe Gibbon's requirements—a mistress, a lively acquaintance, a good natured friend, a dignified head of the table, a frugal housekeeper and a useful nurse, all molded into one feminine form.—George Harvey in North American Review.

Yule Dough.

The first authentic record of Christmas pie or pudding is that of the Yule dough. This was a paste made in the form of a baby and presented by the bakers to their customers as a Christmas gift. In ancient Rome on the vigil of the Nativity sweetmeats in the form of images were presented to the holy fathers, and it is probable that Yule dough had its origin in this custom. A relief, was [illegible] aromatic that [illegible] composed of fruits and spices as well in the east, was a survival in imitation of the offerings brought by the wise men to Bethlehem when they came to worship the infant Saviour. The pie in later years came to be a wonderful compound of fruits, spices and meats, eggs and sugar and inspired the poet Herrick to write:

Come, guard this night the Christmas pie
That the thief, though never so sly,
With his [illegible] don't come nie
To catch it.

Pigs and [illegible] universal piece de resistance in England, was originally called pyrotte and was served from a tureen at all the Christmas festivals.—St. James' Gazette.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now

STYLISH COATS FOR LADIES MISSES and CHILDREN

We want to talk to you about Coats. We want you to see our line. Complete in every detail---style, workmanship, finish and price. The cut shows some of the many styles we are showing of the famous Princess garments. The Label Princess is a guarantee as to quality and style and backed by our guarantee of price and satisfaction we feel sure that you cannot be wrong in buying these Garments. Come early.

Ladies' Coats

1st Our special $25.00 Coat worth more but as a special inducement to sell better coats we have a large assortment at the price $25.00

2nd A $17.00 garment. Very swell Coat for the money and in a range of shades that cannot help but please you..... $17.00

3rd A good stylish, serviceable Coat at $12.50
Blacks are best in this garment.

4th A neat Coat, excellent material, a winner at $10.50

5th Our special $7.50 Coat. Few stores have as good a Coat at $9.00 as we are offering as a Special at $7.50

Misses' and Children's Coats

This line is complete in every detail from the white long Coat for baby and the little Bear Skin Coats to the up-to-date stylish Coat for the Miss. Each grade of these are priced so close that you will give us credit for an excellent line, priced right, when you inspect them.

These Coats are priced from $1.98 to $17.00, and each Coat guaranteed to give satisfaction to the wearer. Can a guarantee of any kind do more?

We will be pleased to have you see these and if in need of a Coat we are confident that we will please you.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

IN THE

Grange National Bank of McKean County,

at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person, by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars, by sewing it up in skirts and ticks, by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 183, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Stewart did, on the 16th of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward E. Stewart.

We therefore command you, the said Edward E. Stewart, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1907 to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Stewart and show cause if any you have, why the said Minnie Stewart your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Geo. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 205, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Kate Richmond did, on the 25th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. M. Richmond.

We therefore command you, the said C. M. Richmond, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Kate Richmond and show cause if any you have, why the said Kate Richmond, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

C. E. Judd, Libellants Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 191, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Alice E. Valentine did, on the 29th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry C. Valentine.

We therefore command you, the said Harry C. Valentine that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Alice E. Valentine and show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice E. Valentine, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 224, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Eber Rossiyn Young did, on the 2d of May, 1907, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Cora Smith Young.

We therefore command you, the said Cora Smith Young, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Eber Rossiyn Young and show cause, if any you have, why the said Eber Rossiyn Young your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

J. M. McClure, Libellant's Attorney.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 30c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

DENTISTRY.

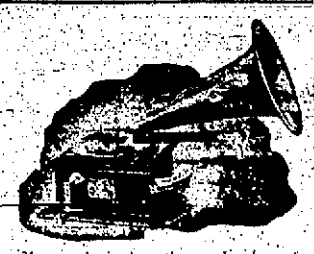
Modern, scientific and up-to-date Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Rings Dyspepsia Tablets

RELIEVE INDIGESTION AND STOMACH TROUBLES



$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,

Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Fossner.

Hamlin & Fossner,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Fossner (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. K. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1908. Office, No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Chamberlain, A. B., M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonnington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., U. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

C. M. COLEGROVE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR.
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King st.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Farmer's Hotel
P. STRAVINO, Prop.
203 Water St., Smethport, Pa.
Furnished and unfurnished rooms and table board. First class meals at $1.00 per day. All callers are cordially welcomed.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co, and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.
Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.
CALL and Ask About THEM
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.